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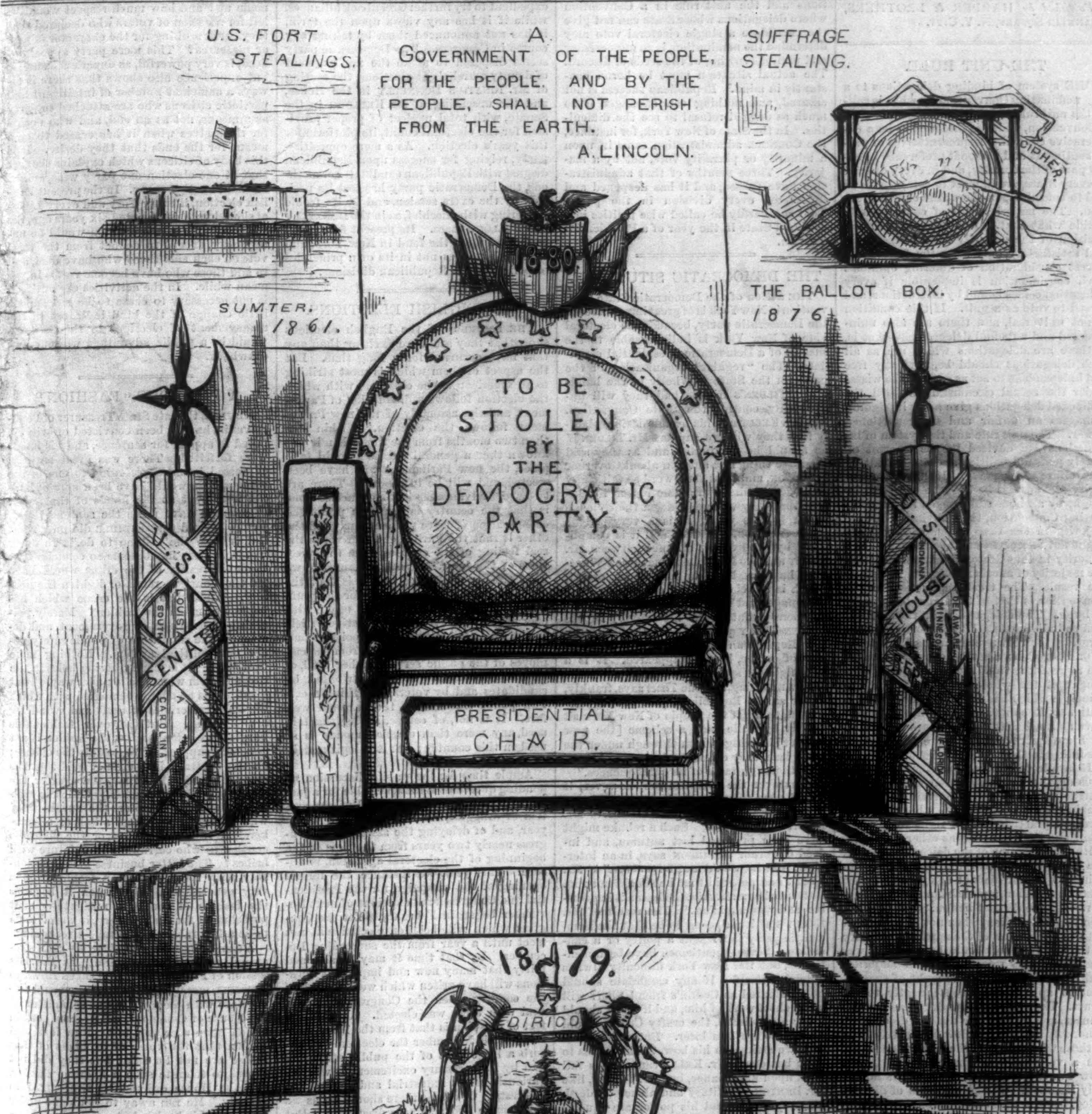
U.S. FORT STEALINGS.
SUMTER. 1861.
A GOVERNMENT OF THE PEOPLE, FOR THE PEOPLE, AND BY THE PEOPLE, SHALL NOT PERISH FROM THE EARTH. A. LINCOLN.
SUFFRAGE STEALING.
CIPHER.
THE BALLOT BOX. 1876.
1880
TO BE STOLEN BY THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.
PRESIDENTIAL CHAIR.
U.S. SENAT
LOUISIA
SOUTH CAROLINA
U.S. HOUSE
INDIANA
MINNESO
DELAWARE
FLORIDA
1879.
DIRICO
STATE OF MAINE. STEAL.
Th: Nast

DON'T!
A WARNING IN TIME IS WORTH NINE.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, April 17, 1880.

"Harper's Young People has come to be the leading paper for juvenile readers."—*Troy Budget.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.
An Illustrated Weekly—16 Pages.

Harper's Young People *No.* 20, *March* 16, *having completed the thirteen issues offered to new subscribers to* Harper's Weekly *for* 1880, *no additional numbers will be sent out with* Harper's Weekly. *The publishers will mail* Harper's Young People, *commencing with No.* 21, *and continuing until the end of the First Volume, which will conclude with the number dated October* 26, 1880, *making thirty-two numbers in all, postage free, to any address in the United States or Canada, upon receipt of One Dollar.*

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THE UNIT RULE.

THE system of binding delegations to a nominating Convention by what is called the unit rule is fatal to the object of such a Convention, which is intended to be a deliberative council. Representatives of party sentiment and personal preference in every part of the country, and in every district of every State, are to meet to compare views and to consult upon the wisest course of action. The majority will of course finally decide what that action shall be, but the decision of the majority can be acceptable and satisfactory only after the fullest and fairest consideration of differing opinions. Such consideration is impossible if every delegation comes bound by instructions, and forced to vote as a unit. If this condition is not universal, and there are also uninstructed and unbound delegations—that is, if there are delegations which are, as all such delegations should be, perfectly free and independent to act as seems to be wisest under the actual circumstances—still the padlocked delegations give a few intriguing managers an unfair and disproportioned power. The unit rule and the system of instructions are devised in the interest of merely personal politics, and not in that of the welfare of the party. If the party prosperity and success be the true object to be sought by all honorable means in the nominating Convention, then obviously a bare majority in the Convention of any State ought not to seek to smother the views of a minority in that State, which, uniting with the majority of another State, might change the result. The trust committed to the Convention is that of the Republican party at large. The delegates sit in the Convention as individuals. If a majority of them, "voting their own sentiments," nominate A, or B, or C, he must be considered to be the representative of the real majority sentiment of the whole party. This is the principle which has been laid down by two National Republican Conventions, which have affirmed that delegates are not bound by State instructions, but are free to vote according to their own convictions.

It is idle to reiterate, as some party organs do, that honorable men will obey the instructions of the State Convention. Honorable men will obey those who, under the received practice, have a right to instruct them, and they will obey no other authority. With the exception of the delegates at large, the delegates, in this State at least, are appointed by their district delegations in the State Convention, and that Convention merely ratifies the district action. The proposition that this action, when not in agreement with the sentiment of the apparent majority of the Convention, should be set aside, was overwhelmingly rejected by that majority, which thus recognized the right of the district to appoint, and consequently to instruct. The editor who, under these circumstances, asserts that the district delegate is honorably bound to follow the instructions of those who renounce the right to instruct, has a very curious conception of honor. How can those who do not appoint honorably instruct? In the selection of district delegates to a National Convention the majority principle has its fair play in selecting delegates to the State Convention, and in the district selection in that Convention of national delegates. According to all received principles of instruction, the only legitimate instructing authorities in this case are, first, the local County Convention, and secondly, the district delegation in the State Convention, and for the reason that they are the appointing powers.

The unit rule is a still more absurd misapplication of the majority principle. It makes the individual delegate a representative neither of the district that appoints him nor of the Convention which formally ratifies his appointment, but of his associates upon the delegation. The logical result of this absurdity would be the committal of the vote of the delegates from a State to one man. If a Convention, for instance, may bind the delegation to vote as thirty-six delegates may choose, it may by the same authority bind them to vote as one delegate may choose. How far their freedom of choice shall be abolished is in this view not a question of right, but merely of expediency. The object of the action in the late State Conventions of New York and Pennsylvania was not to represent more truly at Chicago the Republican sentiment of those States, but to enable a few managing politicians to play their game more easily. The political situation demands for Republican success a nomination made upon the freest comparison and consultation, and the conviction among those whose preferences may be overruled that they have had perfectly fair play. The system of instructions and the unit rule in a Convention where delegations whose State can not give the candidate a single electoral vote may determine the nomination, is an unnecessary and perilous sowing of the seeds of discord. The actual situation must be borne constantly in mind. Republican success is not assured, and nothing can endanger it so much as dogged refusal to see the difficulties. In the State of New York, for instance, the Cornell administration came in upon a minority or plurality vote, not by a majority. Three months of that administration have passed, and it has deepened and imbittered every division in the party. That can hardly be called wise politics in a doubtful State in the year of a Presidential election.

THE DEMOCRATIC SITUATION.

The action of the Democratic State Convention in New York is of great importance to the Democratic party, because the electoral vote of New York is indispensable to the success of a Democratic Presidential candidate. The "regular" organization of the party in the State is wholly in the hands of Mr. Tilden's friends, and they will undoubtedly control the State Convention. But Mr. Kelly and his friends declare plainly that they will not support Mr. Tilden if he should be nominated, and as they said the same thing last autumn about Governor Robinson, and kept their word so faithfully as to defeat him, there is no reason to suppose that they will not redeem their pledge as surely this year. It is a very serious party situation, therefore, and it is complicated by the evident alliance between Mr. Kelly and the Republican machine. Whatever happens, he feels sure of his object, which is the chief control of the municipal patronage, and he really seems to hold the Democratic future in his grasp. In the Tilden-Kelly quarrel and in the Tammany and Republican machine alliance, principles, of course, have disappeared. It is a mere fight for spoils, a combination like the old Tweed Ring, and the *Times* says, frankly, so far as the Republican part of it is concerned, that "if the people of New York sit quietly by while such a scheme [the new charter] is being driven through under the party lash, they certainly deserve to have a very thorough taste of its consequences."

Whatever the complication, however, it would seem to make Mr. Tilden's nomination impossible, except as a rebuke to Mr. Kelly's "dictation." Such a rebuke might have been proposed last autumn, and indeed Governor Robinson says, in an interview, that he would not have "run" if Mr. Kelly had not said that he should not run. But since he ran in vain, the lesson is impressive and "solemnizing." The result of Mr. Kelly's attitude seems to be that the Democratic party is without a policy or a candidate. Several gentlemen have been mentioned, but the New York difficulty always obtrudes itself. If any candidate should be nominated as Codlin's friend, Short will make short work of him, and if Short should favor a candidate, the crafty Codlin would be sure to see him later. But while Short has two strings to his bow, Codlin seems to have but one. Mr. Kelly can always fall back upon his alliance, but Mr. Tilden, like Mr. Benton, is solitary and alone. Indeed, his prominence and his power are equally inexplicable. Without office, without personal "magnetism," detested by a large part of his party, and apparently with no warm hold upon his friends; an experienced and "foxy" politician, who during a long life of great opportunities in his native State has never impressed himself upon any good cause, or identified himself with any reform, except that of the canal frauds, which is now seen to have been, not a work of public spirit, but a mere move in his political game; smirched and entangled in the cipher swindles, and personally directing his own campaign for the Presidency; apparently in feeble health and of a doubtful future—his hold upon his party is the more remarkable because his nomination would be disastrous to it. The obvious party policy would seem to be to dismiss him at once from the category of candidates as the one man who certainly could not be elected. But nevertheless the Democratic situation is Tilden against the field, with a dreadful Democratic apprehension that if he is beaten in the Convention, he will beat the field at the polls. Madame De Rémusat tells us of a familiar question in Napoleon's court, "Who is cheated in this business?"

But if the Democratic party is curiously perplexed about a candidate, it would be interesting to know what policy it is supposed to represent. "Reform," which was the cry of '76, has been buried under the cipher dispatches, and that ample pall also covers the celebrated principle of no condonation of fraud. As for finance, the party seems to be not yet determined whether it is expedient to try further Greenback alliances, while if it has any views upon the tariff, it has not announced them by taking any course in Congress. The Democratic party seems disposed to make the non-payment of deputy marshals at elections, the seating of Mr. Ignatius Donnelly in the House, and the unseating of Mr. Kellogg in the Senate, with total neglect of proper provision for the electoral count, its platform for this year's election. As a mere opposition party, relying for success upon Republican disgust with Republican candidates or methods, the Democratic party has lost its position by the extra session, and by its feeble puttering with mischief, as in the Donnelly and Kellogg cases. Its present fate seems to depend upon the feud in New York, and its sole hope lies not in its own principles or policy, but in Republican divisions.

THE ENGLISH ELECTIONS.

The accounts of the English elections show that they are more exciting than any that have occurred for a long time. But the aspect of them which is most striking to an American is the closeness with which the election follows a dissolution of Parliament, and the assembly of the new Parliament follows the election. Within less than two months from the time when it was known that a general election would take place, the new Parliament will have been elected, and will be in session. There are two great advantages in this practice: one is that the country is spared a prolonged exasperation of mere partisan fury, and the other is that the Parliament represents the real feeling of the country upon the questions of the hour. Another advantage we have already mentioned, and it is that the election is not a mere contest for the plunder of place. It is attended often with enormous expense, as an instructive article in the *Pall Mall Gazette* lately pointed out, but the money is not extorted from the employés of the public service, either civil, or military, or naval. It is contributed by candidates and by voters who think a certain policy essential to the national welfare. It is not, of course, all legitimately used, any more than election money is so used in this country; but it is legitimately raised.

Ample time for the public discussion of pending questions is indispensable for a just popular verdict at the polls. But our system of dragging an election over a whole year, and of delaying the assembly of Congress nearly two years from the time of the beginning of the electoral agitation, is absurd. This year, for instance, the formal opening of the campaign for the Presidential and Congressional elections of next November began in February. Yet the Congress which will be then elected will not meet until a year from the succeeding December. By that time it may be assumed fairly that many new and important questions will have arisen which were not before the country when the Congress that will deal with them was elected. Another defect of our plan is that from the 1st of February until November the election will absorb a large part of the public attention, and by its necessary excitement it will injuriously affect industrial and commercial interests. Of course there should be, as we said, ample and adequate discussion. But it would be just as practicable, and very much more desirable, to limit the national election agitation to the two months which suffice for the State election. If the National Nominating Convention were summoned to meet in September, and the State Conventions to select delegates in the latter part of August, we should enjoy every real advantage that we now have, and we should escape many of the evils of our present plan.

That plan is cherished by professional politicians because it favors every kind of intrigue, and affords opportunity for kindling mere party spirit to a white heat. The real questions at issue have been thoroughly discussed long before election-day, and the closing weeks of the campaign are therefore devoted, not to debate, but to the invention and publication of every kind of calumny. The campaign ends in a universal mud-storm. An impartial observer would justly conclude from what he hears and reads in the last days before a general election that all parties had selected their most worthless rascals for the highest offices, and that most of the candidates richly merited the State-prison. This is a mere appeal to party frenzy. It belongs to that insanity which asserts that any candidate, however dishonest and disreputable, upon one side, is better than any candidate, however honest and reputable, on the other. Such an assertion, if it could be enforced, would be the total overthrow of popular government by party, because it would be the end of judging policies by patriotic principles, and candidates by their character. What is the use of appealing to the country if everybody's mind is already made up? and how much respect would be left for a nation of voters who declared that they cared nothing for the character of men or measures? This mere party appeal, indeed, is very powerful, as experience shows; but experience also shows that there is always a sufficient number of intelligent and patriotic citizens who are attached to party as a means, not as an end, and who decide for themselves when it has ceased to be a means for the ends that they desire. It is this body of citizens which explains the fact that at one election one party wins, and at the next another party. In the present English election, if every Tory and every Liberal should vote as he voted six years ago, the whole trouble of the election would be unnecessary, except to deduct from the total vote on each side those who have died, and to add those who have become voters in the mean while. In the activities of politics it is not necessary to cease to be men, and a little change of the kind indicated in the management of elections in this country would be a public advantage without any drawback.

A PERILOUS "FASHION."

Kemble, the late State Treasurer of Pennsylvania, having been convicted of bribery, failed to appear for sentence, and his bonds were forfeited. There was great surprise expressed, because, according to one of the reports, "He would have been sure of lenient treatment at the hands of the judge, who would have made the sentence light, on the ground that Kemble did only what it has been the fashion to do." In other words, bribery has become so common that the universality of the crime would have led the Court to remit or lighten the penalty. And what is the crime which has become so much the fashion? Merely poisoning the springs of government, and destroying the conditions of public safety under our political system. Nothing more than that. It is merely boring holes in the ship's bottom when she is under way. That is all. It is an offense compared with which the ordinary crimes of theft and swindling are innocent. But however fashionable burglary or arson may be, the fashion is not generally supposed to extenuate the offense; on the contrary, it is usually held that the more frequent the crime, the greater the necessity of its repression. Which is really the greater offender, the sneak-thief who "prigs" a coat from a hall or a handkerchief from the pocket, or the plausible gentleman who corrupts a Legislature with bribes? The latter business is unquestionably with some persons a fashion, and a very general one. But when it becomes the fashion of courts to mitigate or omit punishment for such bribery, it would seem to be a favorable time to take a reckoning.

A similar case to that of Mr. Kemble's occurred recently in England. At the last session of Parliament Mr. Charles Edward Grissell merely asserted that he could manipulate with money a select committee of the House of Commons, and procure certain action upon a private bill. Now it is well known that the votes of members of that House are not for sale; but they did not choose to tolerate such a flagrant slander, and the House ordered Mr. Grissell into custody. He ran away to Boulogne under pretext of his health, but returned, within a day or two of the end of the session, as the power of the House, he thought, ceased with its adjournment. When he found that he was still in danger, he sent a petition of submission, asking the indulgence of the House. But he was ordered into the custody of the sergeant-at-arms, appeared in the most humiliating attitude at the bar of the House, and by a unanimous vote was committed to Newgate during the pleasure of the Commons. Mr. Grissell did not allege, nor did anybody suppose, that he had actually bought any member to vote as he wished. His offense was slander and defiance of authority, and the action of the House was considered necessary to show such men that its honor could not be impugned and its authority defied with impunity. It seems that in England it is neither the fashion to bribe members, nor to remit the penalty of bribery upon the plea that it is fashionable.

It is one of the worst signs of danger to the commonwealth that such offenses should be regarded lightly. They smooth the way to anarchy and civil strife. The maintenance of an honest public spirit is the sure, and the only sure, guarantee of the public welfare. Alexander Hamilton was not considered to be a political purist, but he made the most humiliating private confession and explanation rather than endure the suspicion of tampering with his public honor. The Parliaments of Sir Robert Walpole were notoriously venal, and they lie under the ban of honest public opinion, although even so honest a man as Thackeray makes a kind of plea for them. But the "fashion" of corruption did not make it decent, nor acquit it at the bar of intelligence and probity. If the report that we quote be correct, that the sentence of Kemble and his accomplices would have been light because bribery or corrupt solicitation is so much the fashion, it is but another illustration of the truth that the real peril of the republic lies in political dishonesty and the decay of public spirit. The remedy for the evil does not lie, however, in accepting it as unavoidable. There will always be knaves and swindlers, but sensible people do not for that reason acquiesce in knavery and swindling without a struggle. Penal laws and prisons and police do not abolish crime, but that is not held to be a sound reason for dispensing with judges and jails. There will always be Kembles and Grissells of every degree, but that is not a ground for regarding them as evils so inevitable that it is best to abandon the contest with them. When it was "fashionable" to garrote passengers in the street, it was still more fashionable to pursue them relentlessly, and the result was not that the crime disappeared, but that it ceased to be "the fashion."

THE NEW CITY CHARTER.

The general indignation which has been aroused by the proposition of the new city charter for New York has compelled some modifications already. The project is one of the most flagrant political jobs, and is an open advertisement of the alliance between the State machine and Tammany Hall. This alliance appeared in the autumn, and it was the action of Tammany Hall which secured the election of the present Executive.

There is one aspect of the transaction which ought to arrest the careful consideration of the contracting parties as politicians, and as politicians aiming at a particular result. It is this: that one of the strongest Republican arguments and appeals for the support of patriotic and intelligent voters in the election will be that, without regard to particular measures or candidates, a permanent danger from the Democratic party is that it is a combination of Southern disaffection with Northern slums, and what is called "the foreign vote." This last is strongest in the city of New York. Now what is the real significance of this charter? An alliance of the Republican machine with those slums and that vote. But how can the State of New York be hopefully contested for the Republican party upon the ground that Democratic success depends upon such an alliance, if some of the chief Republican managers have already made the same combination, and depend upon it for Republican success? How can they hope to alarm the public mind with the fear that somebody else will do what they themselves have already done?

The passage of the charter with the provisions for dividing the spoils between the parties, with the lion's share to Tammany, will be a great political blunder, because it will dispose, so far as the contracting parties are concerned, of a just and powerful Republican argument in the Presidential canvass. But the agitation and discussion will have the good effect of emphasizing the question whether the management known as "the machine" is a wise and safe guardian of Republican principles and prospects.

"TEMPERANCE" REPUBLICANS.

We have received the following letter from an extreme Western State:

> "In States where the temperance question is an issue, would you advise Republicans to support the temperance ticket, or to work with their own party? Is it good policy for temperance men to organize an independent party rather than work with that party which has done something, however little, for the temperance cause?"

The question of total abstinence can not be made, at present certainly, an issue upon which to rally a great political party. In some States the total abstinents, acting together, may, like any similar body, hold the balance of power. But even then they would obtain from the successful party only the "however little" of which our correspondent speaks.

The great multitude of total abstinents are Republicans. Yet in this State last autumn they polled only a little more than 4000 votes out of about 900,000, at an election when party ties were seriously relaxed. Their organized vote in every State this year would count against Republican success. It is plain, therefore, that unless the Republican prohibitionist is willing to take the risk of promoting Republican defeat, he can not support a separate temperance ticket. But if he thinks that the prohibition cause is more important than any other, and that the only way to aid it is to break down both the great parties, he will vote a straight prohibition ticket.

This was what the antislavery voters of New York did in 1844. The Democrats were the slavery party, and Mr. Clay was the Whig candidate. But the Whig Liberty-party voters said that they had as little to expect from the Whigs as from the Democrats, and that there was no hope for the cause which they believed to be most important of all until the Whig party learned that it needed the antislavery vote to secure success. So they voted for Mr. Birney, and Mr. Clay was defeated. On the other hand, in England, the Nonconformist element of the Liberal party, which is very powerful, and whose "platform" is disestablishment, always sustains the Liberal party, not because it aims at disestablishment, but because the Noncomformists believe, as Mr. Gladstone says, that their peculiar idea is "included and absorbed" in the general Liberal movement. We do not believe that the Republican will ever be, in our correspondent's sense, a prohibition party. But it is from those who are Republicans that the wisest legislation upon the subject is to be expected. Under existing circumstances, therefore, support of the Republican party is the most promising way to secure such legislation.

THE ST. GOTHARD TUNNEL.

The St. Gothard Railroad Tunnel, nine miles long, has been opened. It is one of a series of such works on the line from the Lake of Lucerne, in Switzerland, to Lake Maggiore, in Italy—a railway line about a hundred and fifty miles long. It will probably carry the main current of travel; but it is sad to think of the loss of the travellers who go under the mountains instead of over them.

Those Alpine journeys along the most familiar routes are among the most impressive memories of travel. The roads upon the chief passes were military roads, and they were kept in admirable order. The sublimity and the picturesqueness of the scenery are indescribable; and the life upon the road, the mountain inn, as on the Grimsel, the expeditions from the inns among the mountains and the glaciers, the awful plunge of avalanches by night, the tinkle of the herds, the *Ranz-des-vaches*, the silence, the sound, the exquisite exhilaration of the Alpine air—who, remembering these, or even hearing of them from those who in remembering recall their youth, could willingly exchange them for a whirl through a series of dark passages in a dim car?

If going to sea is to be imprisoned with a chance of being drowned, to go from Switzerland to Italy through a series of railroad tunnels is to travel among the Alps with your eyes shut. One of the most inspiring events in the grand tour is the descent toward Italy from the summit of the pass. For hours and hours you have toiled delightfully up, and up, and up, the air at every turn cooler, clearer, more stimulating, the horses patiently pulling the carriage or the diligence as you push on in advance. At last the summit is reached. There is a pause to put everything right, an eager anticipation, then away through the magnificent scene, with bounding heart, down hill to Italy—down, down, from rocks and bareness and stunted sturdy foliage, from silent pastures and solitary flocks, to olives, oleanders, oranges; to figs, vines, and pomegranates; to Isola Bella; Como, Florence, Rome, Sorrento. This is the glory of the journey over the Alpine passes. Let those who will go under-ground.

AN ART FESTIVAL.

The opening of the Metropolitan Museum of Art was most brilliant and auspicious. The day was bright, and the crowd immense, and the exercises were admirable, and not too long. The presence of the President, with the Secretaries of State and of War, gave great dignity to the proceedings; and the comprehensive, felicitous, and eloquent address of Mr. Choate stated what everybody wished to know, and in the best way. It has been objected to the new site of the Museum that it is too distant from the centre of the city, and that one of its chief purposes is baffled by its position: it is meant to be an educative museum, a people's college of the fine and ornamental arts, and it is plain that those for whom it is more especially designed can not go out of town to the Park.

There are, however, several replies to this objection. One is that the city will soon reach the Museum. Another, that it is now no farther from the city than the South Kensington Museum from London, and that that is not found to be too distant. A third is that the trustees had no alternative but the present site and one on Manhattan Square. There is no doubt that as its educative character and resources are developed more fully, the students who need the Museum will readily find their way to it; and that they may be developed properly, it is necessary that generous subscriptions should find their way to it, and memberships be sought by all who are interested in its object.

Mr. Choate humorously and pointedly exhorted the "millionaires of many markets" to befriend the Museum, not merely as an ornament to the town, but as an investment for the prosperity of the community. He showed, from the experience of England since the first Great Exhibition, the practical and pecuniary utility of beauty. Decorative art may be applied in a thousand ways, and beauty drives ugliness out of the markets of the world. There is an argument to be made, also, for public aid to an institution like the Museum of Art. But its present richness and promise are due to private interest and munificence, many of the trustees having, as the orator said, poured out their money like water. The Duke of Argyll, when he saw the Museum, which is now but ten years old, said that the British Museum had not advanced so far in the first thirty years of its foundation. Indeed, no European museum, without the supporting hand of the government, could show so splendid a result in so short a time. For the present the Museum will be one of the most delightful objective points of a drive in the Park. But that is merely incidental. It is to be the resort of sincere students of every plastic art, and it means to show the poorest of industrious and earnest artificers how to make his work more lucrative.

THE CHANNING CENTENARY.

This paper will be published on the one-hundredth anniversary of the birth of William Ellery Channing, and there will be an interesting commemoration in Newport, Rhode Island, his native place, and at many other points in the Union. Dr. Channing's character and influence were purely apostolic. He had the gentle tenderness of John, and the unquailing courage of Paul. His absorbing love of liberty made him intensely individual, and this, as he said, made him in turn a poor "reformer," and disqualified him in a degree for co-operation. He recoiled from a sectarian name as he opposed a sectarian spirit. Yet, as is often the case with such men, he is historically the leader of a religious denomination. But it is true of that denomination that the less it is sectarian, the more truly it shows the spirit of its leader.

There are many delightful and characteristic anecdotes of Dr. Channing, many of which are told in Mr. Brooks's centennial biography of him, and in Dr. Bartol's and Miss Peabody's little volumes of recollections. We remember hearing Dr. Furness, of Philadelphia, mention an interesting illustration of his peculiar spell over an audience. He was a slight, small man, and for many years an invalid, and the labor of public speaking was very great. One evening he was addressing an immense audience in Philadelphia, and finding himself exhausted in the midst of his address, he said, quietly, "I feel very much fatigued, and I will stop a little while." He then sat down, while the great audience remained perfectly tranquil, and after a long interval he arose, and proceeded with his always fervent but always calm discourse.

With the most sensitive and delicate temperament, of a singular intellectual refinement, and averse to all the eccentricity and vagary of reform, he yet did not hesitate to withstand public opinion whenever he thought it wrong. He befriended perfect liberty of speech when it was assailed in the person of Abner Kneeland, who advocated doctrines which were most repugnant to him; and his essay upon "Slavery" and his letter upon the annexation of Texas are among the most powerful and radical and persuasive of all appeals in the literature of the antislavery discussion. Channing is one of the most illustrious names in American history, and signifies an influence which is as profound and pervasive as that of any American. It is inspiring to commemorate the birth of such a man, who lived to be nearly sixty-three years old, apparently without guile or blemish.

PERSONAL.

Lord Beaconsfield's humor is very keenly appreciated in England both by friends and foes. Going into his breakfast-room one morning, he found one of his guests looking for a newspaper. "What are you looking for?" he asked. "Well, I was trying to find a paper." "A paper? Oh, I don't take in any papers. Mrs. Disraeli, I believe, takes the *Court Journal*. But do you want to see anything in particular?" "Yes; I rather wished to—" "Well, there's my butler takes in the *Daily Telegraph*; he's a tremendous radical, and I dare say he likes to see his master thoroughly well abused."

—Mr. McCulloch, of Australia, takes no thought of expense about his cattle. Lately he gave $35,000 for the cow "Duchess of Lancaster," and $22,500 for "Berkeley, Duke of Oxford," buying them to replace two valuable Oxford cattle which the sanitary authorities of Melbourne killed by giving them poisonous water in quarantine.

—Ex-Governor Morgan gave a quiet but pleasant surprise to the Rev. Dr. Adams, a few mornings since, by asking him to call at his house and receive $100,000 in first-class bonds, as a donation to the Union Theological Seminary, the only condition being that it is to be used exclusively for the construction of a new library building, and the permanent maintenance of the seminary library. The new structure will bear Governor Morgan's name.

—Richard E. Mount, who died suddenly on the 31st ult., was for many years so conspicuous a character in this city as to render him worthy of especial notice. He was a New-Yorker born and bred, a graduate of Columbia College, and particularly known among his friends for exceptionally fine and extensive scholarship, and for admirable colloquial powers. He was a member of the Union, Century, and University clubs, and was a thoroughly "clubable" man. His genial countenance was regarded as almost an essential at the meetings of the St. Nicholas and Geographical societies, and at social and other reunions he was a most welcome guest. He was a bachelor, and possessed a fortune sufficient to enable him to gratify his literary and artistic tastes. He was a frequent contributor to the daily and weekly press, and his articles were marked by originality of thought and felicity of expression. His loss will be widely and deeply deplored.

—The many friends of Mr. J. H. Puleston in this country will be gratified to learn that he has been re-elected to the House of Commons from Devonport. Mr. Puleston is pleasantly spoken of as "the American member," and has won an honorable position in the House by his ability, and the assiduity with which he devotes himself to the interests of his constituents.

—M. Georges de Cassagnac, just elected a member of the French Chamber of Deputies, is the youngest man that has been elected to that body, having only three days prior to his election attained the age (twenty-five) required by law for membership. The French journals speak of him as a man of fine ability and great promise, especially in financial matters, with which he is perfectly familiar.

—Signor Verdi had a pleasant surprise a few mornings since in Paris. After breakfasting at the Élysée, and while chatting with Madame Grévy, the President approached, and presented him with the insignia of a grand officer of the Legion of Honor.

—King Ockiya of Brass, Africa, was induced three years ago to give up his idols to Bishop Crowther, who sent them to England. Since then he has been a regular attendant at church; but it was not until lately that he promised to give up his numerous wives and be baptized. During his late illness the idol priests begged him to recant, but he refused to do so.

—The Hon. George Brown, whose assassination was recently attempted in Toronto, has long been recognized as one of the ablest men in Canada. In 1840 he founded the Toronto *Globe*, the ablest paper in the Dominion, and has been its editor and proprietor ever since. As a Senator and Privy Councillor he has a life tenure of office, and he is now the leader of the Mackenzie movement in opposition to the government of Sir John A. Macdonald.

—The Rev. Dr. Duryea, formerly of Brooklyn, is having a great success in Boston. His church was never so crowded as at present, and pews and sittings were never in such demand. At the recent sale of pews the first choice sold for $3500; six others brought $2000 each, and three went for $1800 each.

—King Alfonso has sent to the Historical Society of Missouri a photograph of himself, beautifully framed in Spanish enamel of gold and silver on steel. The picture bears the King's autograph, and is a token of approval of the society's intended celebration of the anniversary of the first Mississippi exploration.

—Journalists are coming to the front in English politics. Several of them are candidates for Parliament. Mr. Algernon Borthwick, proprietor and editor of the *Morning Post*, is a candidate for Evesham, for which his father sat, and in which he has family interest. Mr. Thomas Gibson Bowles, of *Vanity Fair*, is the Conservative candidate for Banbury. Mr. Alfred Austin, poet and journalist, stands in the Conservative interest for Dewsbury; and Lord Newry, who may be almost claimed as a working *littérateur*, is on the same side before the electors of Shrewsbury. Mr. Justin McCarthy, Mr. Sullivan, Mr. O'Donnell, Mr. Cowen, and other journalists already in Parliament, seek re-election. And Mr. Henry Labouchere is being solicited by the radicals of Lambeth.

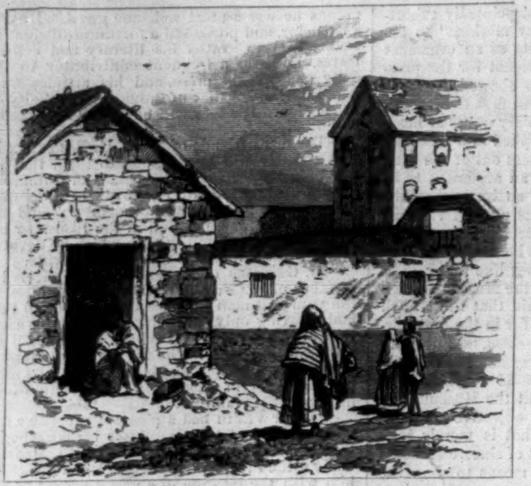
—Canon Farrar, who, besides his canonry at Westminster Abbey, worth $5000 a year, is also rector of St. Margaret's, is in the very prime of life—forty-five—and in robust health. His sermons are full of fascinating imagery, and his delivery earnest and rapid; but he goes through his forty minutes' discourse without a gesture of the hand, though with considerable nodding and swaying of head and body.

—Union College, which under the presidency of Dr. Potter is placing itself alongside of Harvard, Yale, and Columbia, has just received from the sons of the late Asa Packer, of Pennsylvania, a memorial gift of $10,000, as an expression of the friendship of the family toward President Potter, who was formerly a professor in the university founded and munificently endowed by Mr. Packer.

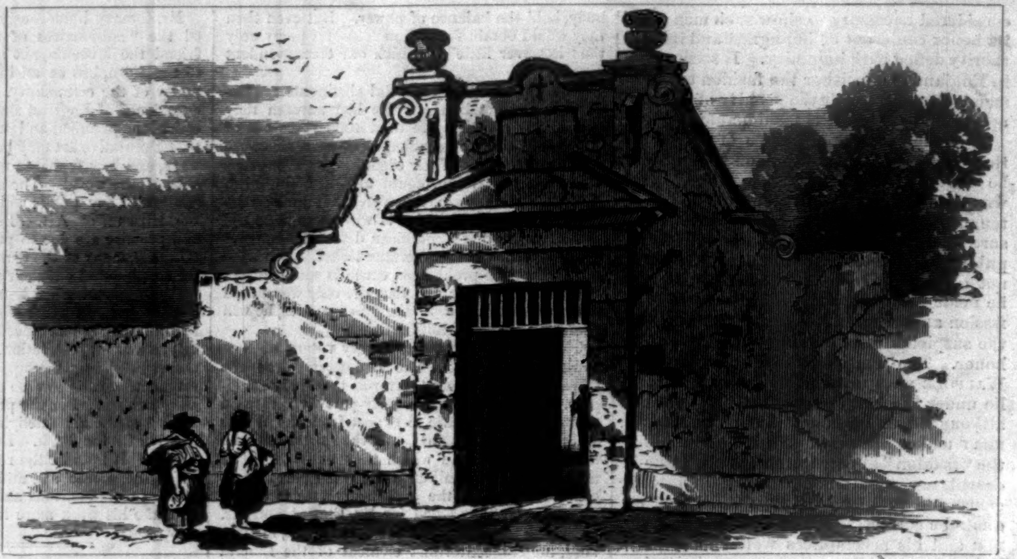
—General Hancock has a farm of nearly five hundred acres near Windsor, Missouri, which he looks upon as a homestead for the evening of life.

—Victor Hugo's dinners are said to be quite delightful. He never has more than six guests, who, with the six members of his family, form the maximum, a dozen, which is never exceeded. He drinks but two kinds of wine—Madeira and St. Emilion—both of the best. During dinner he always finds means of telling some pleasant anecdote or other. The fair sex always hold an important position at the poet's table. He never salutes them otherwise than by respectfully kissing their hands, and is replete with those innumerable delicate little attentions which only old men and lovers think of. The chat which follows dinner is of a still more pleasant character, putting his guests at their ease by bringing forward matters likely to interest them individually. Ordinarily he publishes a new work on each anniversary of his birthday, February 26. He is now seventy-eight years old.

—In the last volume of Mr. Theodore Martin's life of Prince Albert are some allusions to the personal relations that subsisted between the Queen and certain of her Prime Ministers. Lord Palmerston is mentioned as having made his political future by snubbing her and her husband; Lord Russell was not much more agreeable; and concerning Mr. Gladstone an apt phrase has been put in her mouth: "Lord Beaconsfield is always asking me what I would like to do; Mr. Gladstone was always telling me what the people wanted done." The student of the Queen's character will probably not be surprised at the distinguishing feature of the latter portion of her reign—the strong ascendency of a Minister and the exaltation of the sovereign in the government of the country. The Queen, with a keen desire to take an active part in public affairs, and a strong temper of her own, was trained from her youth into receiving and following the advice of a trusted confidential counsellor. Lord Beaconsfield seems for the past six years to have wielded the influence and continued the tradition of Stockmar, Leopold, and the Prince Consort.



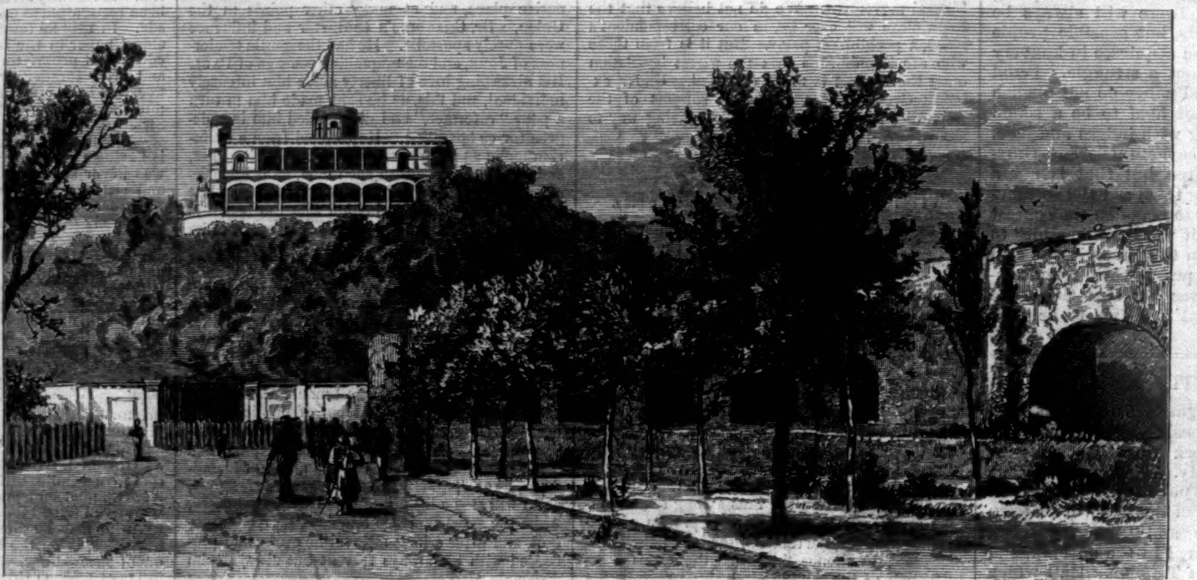
PART OF THE OLD MILL.



THE GATE STORMED AT MOLINO DEL REY.

THE BATTLE-FIELDS OF MEXICO.

Old fields revisited always possess peculiar and absorbing interest to the veteran soldier. General Grant, writing to a friend, says that his winter trip to Mexico, just completed, was "the most pleasurable of the diversified experiences encountered during the constant travel of the past two years."



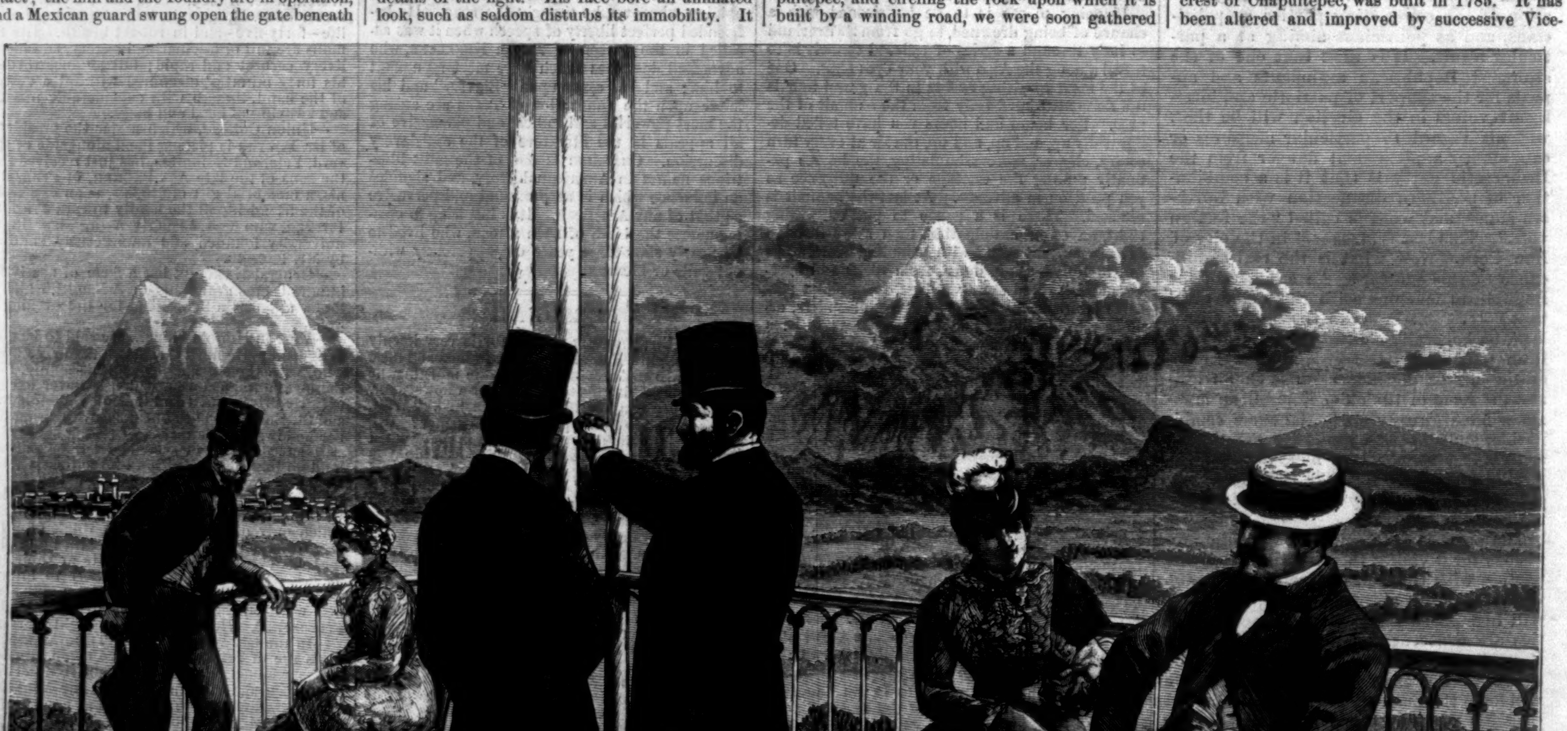
CHAPULTEPEC, WITH OLD SPANISH AQUEDUCT.

Our artist, who accompanied the party, furnishes us with the following account of a visit made by the General and his fellow-travellers to the fields of Molino del Rey and Chapultepec:

"On the afternoon of the third day succeeding our arrival in the city of Mexico, carriages were taken from the Mineria, the General's residence, and under the escort of Señor Romero we were rapidly driven out the Paseo del Bucareli, and along the Chapultepec road (*la Calzada de la Reforma*), passing through the ancient grove at the base of the fortress, and continuing to Molino del Rey, half a mile beyond. This name, anglicized, means simply 'The King's Mill.' The walls around which the fierce tide of war surged on the 8th of September, 1847, are still intact; the mill and the foundry are in operation, and a Mexican guard swung open the gate beneath a picturesque arch for us to pass, where every hand-breadth of wall bore the imprint of leaden rain. Just beyond this gate a plain stone shaft stands to the memory of the Mexican officers who fell in the action. General Grant stood up in his carriage and gave us the details of the fight. His face bore an animated look, such as seldom disturbs its immobility. It was here that he won his captaincy, being promoted upon the field for gallantry. He was at that time attached to the Fourth Infantry.

"Leaving Molino del Rey, we returned to Chapultepec, and circling the rock upon which it is built by a winding road, we were soon gathered on a balcony commanding a prospect of the most surpassing beauty. The whole valley of Mexico lay before us, stretching away to mountains which are but the foot-hills of greater peaks beyond, whose eternal snows shone like rosy triangles in the evening sun. Away to the left the city of Mexico stood, its domes and towers rising from the flat monotone of its low-roofed houses. Still further to the left shone the diminished lakes of Tezcuco, and the monastic town of Guadalupe—the most picturesque of all the groups of semi-defensive churches built by the Spanish invaders. Beneath us were cultivated fields, once the lake bed, and the ruins of an arched aqueduct led cityward from the fountain in the grove below, whose waters have not failed for three hundred years.

"Chapultepec was hallowed to the Aztecs, and perhaps to the Toltecs before them, for many centuries before the coming of Cortez, as the residence of their kings. The present palace, occupying the crest of Chapultepec, was built in 1785. It has been altered and improved by successive Vice-



THE VALLEY OF MEXICO FROM CHAPULTEPEC.—From a Sketch by Frank H. Taylor.

roys and Presidents. **Maximilian** made it his home during his short-lived reign, and undertook to renew somewhat of the ancient Aztec grandeur of its surroundings. It fared badly at the hands of an ignorant and infuriated mob after the execution of the unfortunate Austrian. It is now being 'restored'—a tedious and expensive business for a bankrupt government to undertake. The new does not fit well with the old, and perhaps it would have been in better taste to let the fine old structure fall to ruin in keeping with the empires it has watched over—a monument to the passing nature of all human greatness and power.

"At the date of the assault upon Chapultepec by the American forces it was in use as the military school of the republic—a Mexican West Point, in fact. Being regarded as a coign of vantage by both sides, a hot struggle, short but sharp, ensued. The Mexican forces were strongly posted, and formidable earth-works had been erected. Heavy batteries were well located during the night of the 11th of September, and a brisk fire maintained all of the following day, and until the morning of the 13th. In the mean time General **Twiggs**, with **Taylor's** and **Steptoe's** batteries and **Riley's** brigade, had driven the Mexican supports upon the lowlands within the gates of the city, thus placing **Santa Anna** and his force in the citadel in virtual siege. An assaulting party of 260 men under Captain **McKenzie** of the Second Artillery, and an equal number from the Second Infantry under Captain **Casey**, were selected. The signal for the attack was the temporary cessation of the bombardment. The enemy were speedily dislodged from the lower works, the Americans chasing them out of their defenses so quickly as to give them no opportunity to fire their mines. Supports were sent forward, scaling-ladders placed against the walls, and a dense mass of troops poured over the parapet of the fortress. This action terminated the war, and the city itself capitulated the following day.

"Turning regretfully from Chapultepec and its newly awakened memories, the General led his party back to the waiting carriages. Tacubaya, a suburb of the city, was then visited, but General **Grant** sought in vain to locate the building he formerly used as an office in the place.

"It was now dark, and a squad of cavalry, sent out from the city in alarm at our protracted absence, had found us, and under this escort we returned to the city."

SOCIETY OF AMERICAN ARTISTS.

The third annual exhibition of the Society of American Artists was opened on the 17th of March in the gallery at No. 845 Broadway. There are one hundred and sixty-two numbers in the catalogue, the same as there were last year, and the collection is interesting and worthy of attentive study. The Society is not an opposition to the National Academy; on the contrary, several of its members belong also to the older institution. Its design is to secure to the younger and more progressive artists a means of formal association, and an occasion for an annual exhibition in support of their work and principles. They object to the effect produced by their works when scattered here and there on the walls of the Academy, and prefer to have them seen together, under conditions regulated by themselves. In this way their annual display may be set down as an exposition of the artistic purposes and beliefs of persons not wholly in sympathy with the National Academy as now managed, but not therefore necessarily arrayed in hostility to it.

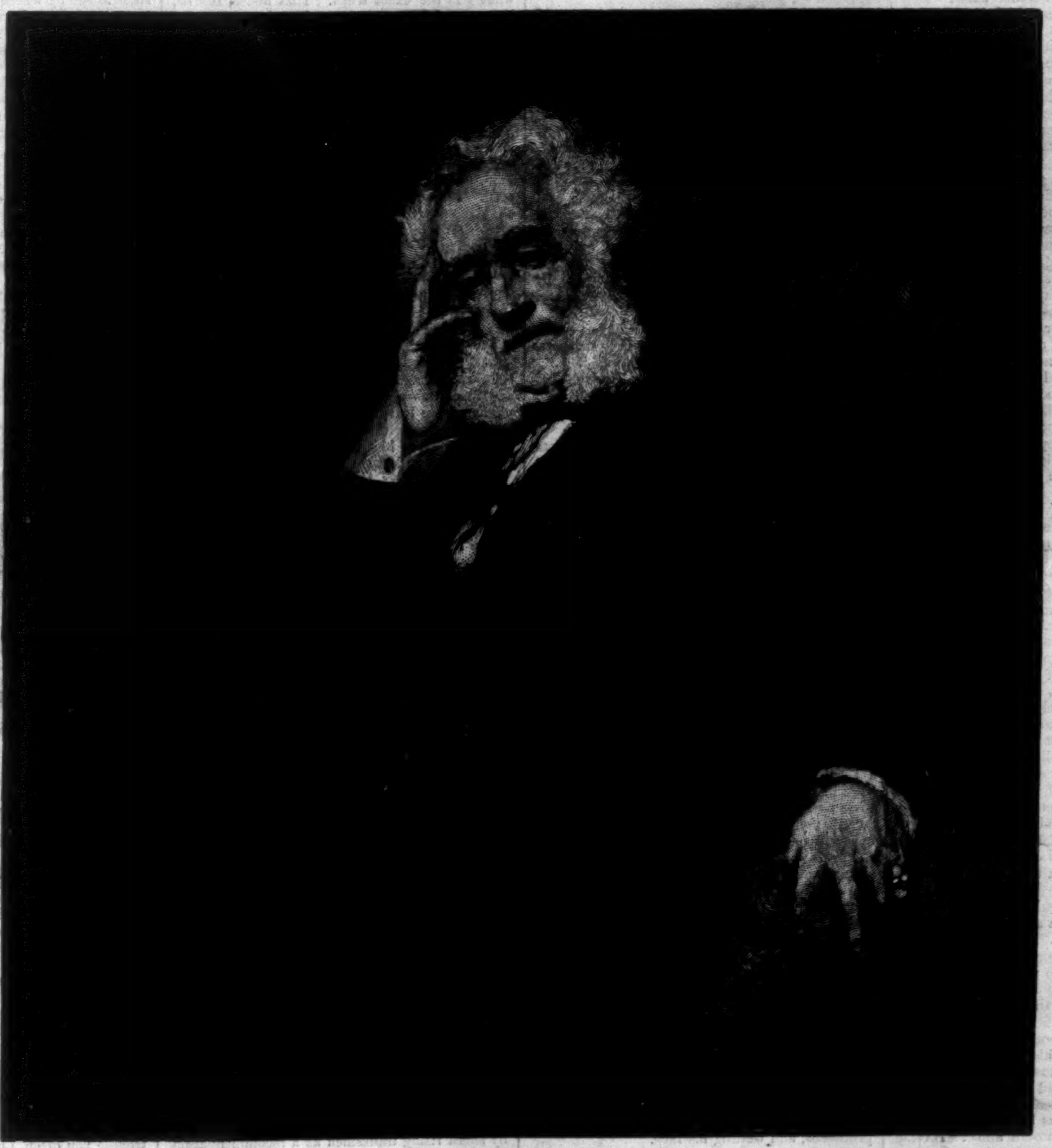
The membership of the Society is small, comparatively; that is, it has only twenty-seven members; but this fact is to be ascribed to the severe scrutiny with which candidates are visited, and the practice of the association of being more rigorous and exacting in its requirements, in its own way, than is even the jealously guarded Academy. This line of conduct is wholly commendable, since it stimulates artists to greater efforts, and preserves the standard of the Society itself at the point at which it is most desirable, from every point of view, that it should be retained.

The landscapes that the Society exhibits this year include examples of Messrs. **A. H. Wyant**, **R. Swain Gifford**, **Albert P. Ryder**, **Homer Martin**, **John H. Twachtman**, **William Gedney Bunce**, **Charles H. Miller**, **J. Foxcroft Cale**, **C. S. Reinhart**, **Ross Turner**, and **Wyatt Eaton**. Of these Mr. R. S. **Gifford's** contributions are among the most interesting examples that the Society has yet shown. In fact, Mr. **Gifford's** work of last summer possesses a greater degree of sentiment and poetic feeling, and in every way a deeper significance, than it ever showed before. Always esteemed among the first of American landscape painters, there is that quality of tenderness and simplicity in his work now that makes it to rank easily with the best work of the great paysagistes of France. This it does not merely in the exploitation of technical acquirements and gifts, but in all those subtle qualities that imply the highest artistic expression of the meaning and purpose of landscape art.

Mr. **Wyant** has sent one contribution to the society which he styles, not without a certain consciousness of grotesque humor, "No Man's Land." It is a strange bit of imaginative work, a bare, forbidding landscape of moon and rocks, gray, wet, and cold, and, above, the most fantastic forms of storm-rent clouds, tortured into wild, weird outlines, and hurrying like some ghostly host over the bleak solitude beneath. There is the spirit of poetry in it, but it is a distinct outbreak of Mr. **Wyant's** genius in a new direction, and as such is to be received with caution.

Mr. **William M. Chase** is the President of the Society, and his contributions are numerous and new enough to mark a year of notable industry since the last exhibition. One or two are landscapes, but his portraits are easily accepted as the most important things in the exhibition. One of them, that of General J. **Watson Webb**, is reproduced on this page with sufficient fidelity to convey to our readers an excellent idea of its general character, and to all who know General **Webb** a conviction of its merits as a likeness. Mr. **Chase** was particularly happy in his subject, in whom the external indications of a vigorous intellect, a commanding personality, and a broad and comprehensive individuality are made up in physical facts that appeal strongly to the art of a portrait painter. His canvas is a revelation of character, of disposition, and vitality—qualities that are conveyed with the utmost directness, and a simplicity of method and treatment that is admirable.

Another of Mr. **Chase's** portraits is that of a lady in a red dress seen against a background of red of a lighter tone. It is a very interesting picture—interesting for its art, and at the same time for the personal charm of its subject.



GENERAL JAMES WATSON WEBB.—From the Portrait by William M. Chase.

FOUND BY DREAMS.

John Callaghan was a well-to-do farmer, residing in the County Cork. He was a sober, steady man, and had never been known to be behindhand in paying his rent. Though his farm was not very large, still, by good management, he was able to support his family comfortably out of it. There came one summer, however, that the weather was so bad that nearly all poor John's crops failed, so that when rent-day came he had no money to meet it. There was only one thing to be done under the circumstances—he must sell some of his stock. He regretted much being obliged to do this; but he had no other alternative, if he wished to retain his farm, for the agent was a very hard man, and would soon turn him out if he did not pay punctually. So the next fair-day John took two of his best cows and some fat pigs to sell at the fair. He spent all day there trying to get a good price for them, and at last he succeeded in doing so. He was very tired on his return, and looked so ill that his wife remarked it to him. Assuring her that it was nothing but overfatigue, and that he would be all right in the morning, he told her that he had sold the cattle very well, having got fifty pounds for them, which was enough for the half year's rent, and something over. He went to bed immediately after his supper, and soon fell asleep. Next morning, however, his wife wondered he did not answer her when she spoke to him. At first she thought he was in a faint, and sent at once for a doctor, who pronounced him dead. It was supposed that the anxious state of his mind, and the overfatigue he had gone through, had hastened his death, his heart having been affected for some time past.

Poor Mrs. Callaghan got such a shock by this sad occurrence that at first she did not think of looking for the money her husband said he had got at the fair; but as the rent was due, and accounts came in for the funeral, she went to the place where her husband usually kept his money. Her search was fruitless; no money was there. She looked in the pockets of the clothes he had worn, and in every press and drawer in his room. It was all in vain. The fifty pounds could not be found anywhere. Could he have lost it on the way home? Or had he been robbed? Perhaps so. He certainly said he had got the money; but she had not seen it with him. It may have been only promised to him by the parties he sold to; but that was not likely. The poor woman was in a sad way, and spent all her time in searching for the missing money, and could think of nothing else. In a few days the agent was to call for the rent; and if she could not pay, she and her helpless little ones would have to leave their dearly loved home, and either beg or starve. Such was the state of things when, the very night before the agent's expected visit, Mrs. Callaghan dreamed that her husband came to her, and told her that she would find the fifty pounds pinned to the paper behind the looking-glass over the chimney-piece in the bedroom. He put it there for safety, he said, fearing the house might be robbed, as it was known he brought the money with him, and he thought it would be safest there. The moment Mrs. Callaghan woke she went over to the place mentioned by her husband in her dream, and found the bank-notes in the exact position he had described!

A young lady had a present of a very valuable watch. One day, however, it suddenly stopped, and not wishing to meddle with it herself, she took it to a watch-maker to have it repaired. In a few days she called for it, but it was not done; so she said she would come again in a day or two. That night she dreamed that the watch-maker's shop would be burned next evening; so, early next morning, she asked her sister to call for her watch, and not to leave the shop without getting it. Her sister said she was sure it would not be ready. "No matter," she said; "get it for me as it is, done or not. Don't come back without it, for the shop will be burned this evening; I saw it all in a dream last night."

Immediately after breakfast her sister went for the watch, but was told it was not yet mended.

"How long will it take to do?" she asked.

"About an hour," the man answered.

"Very well, then," she said; "I will wait for it."

So she sat down, and waited patiently until it was repaired, for her sister was in a most excited state of mind about it, and would have been greatly annoyed if she had returned without it.

That evening at seven o'clock the house took fire, and the flames spread so rapidly that it was impossible to save anything; and had the watch been left there, it would have been destroyed.

A friend who lived in the country had for some time past been missing various things. That there was a thief in the house could not be doubted, but who it was it was impossible to find out. Bread, meat, butter, bottles of wine, ale, etc., all disappeared in the most unaccountable manner, and always in the night. That none of the servants left the house at night was an ascertained fact, and it was equally certain that no one entered from without. How, then, were the articles conveyed away? And by whom? These were questions which puzzled Mrs. M——, and caused her a good deal of anxiety. At last she dreamed one night that she was standing in the garden, and looking toward the house, she saw in the moonlight a man's figure glide up the avenue, and stand under the window of one of the servants' rooms. Presently the window was softly opened, and a basket well filled with provisions was let down by a rope. The person below untied the basket, and quickly disappeared amongst the surrounding trees. The rope was then drawn up again, and the window very gently closed. On awaking next morning, Mrs. M—— told her husband of her strange dream. It made such an impression on her that at length she persuaded her husband to watch in the garden that night. So, accordingly, he and one of his sons stationed themselves in a little summer-house in the garden, which commanded a view of the window in question. I may as well mention that neither of them had the least faith in any kind of dreams or visions. What, then, was their astonishment when they beheld the very figure described by Mrs. M—— glide softly up the avenue, and stand under the window, which was opened, and the basket let down, all exactly as she had told them! Before, however, the man had time to make off, they rushed out and seized him. He was brought into the house, and the police were sent for. They immediately recognized him as a very bad character—a returned convict. The wretched woman who was his partner in guilt was his mother. They were both tried at the next assizes, and punished as they deserved.

FELLOW-TOWNSMEN.

By THOMAS HARDY,

Author of "The Return of the Native," "Far from the Madding Crowd," "The Distracted Young Preacher," etc.

CHAPTER I.

The shepherd on the east hill could shout out lambing intelligence to the shepherd on the west hill, over the intervening town chimneys, without great inconvenience to his voice, so nearly did the steep pastures encroach upon the burghers' back yards. And at night it was possible to stand in the very midst of the town, and hear from their native paddocks on the lower slopes of greensward the mild lowing of the farmers' heifers, and the profound, warm blowings of breath in which those creatures indulge. But the community which had jammed itself in the gorge thus flanked formed a veritable town, with a real mayor and corporation, and a staple manufacture.

During a certain dark moist evening five-and-thirty years ago, when some of the above-mentioned sounds were audible amid the equally sleepy ones of the borough, they were all completely eclipsed by a sudden and harsher noise, which resounded down the ancient high street, and caused the few pedestrians who were abroad to turn their heads. It was the violent banging of the front door of one of the best private houses in the town; and with the closing of the door a man came down the steps which led from it. The lamp-light that now fell upon his face revealed equally with the hasty manner of his exit that he was in a ruffled and recalcitrant frame of mind.

Reaching the edge of the glistening pavement, he stood still in a rigid attitude, looking on the ground. He was young, somewhat slenderly built, with eyebrows arched rather more than is usually the case among men; and his hands, as they showed whitely against his dark coat, looked thin and small. By degrees his situation in the damp open air seemed to win away his mind from his previous thoughts to less perturbed ideas. The street was unusually still for the hour of seven in the evening; an increasing drizzle had prevailed since the afternoon, and now formed a gauze across the yellow lamps, and trickled with a gentle rattle down the heavy roofs of stone tile that bent the house ridges hollow-backed with its weight, and in some instances caused the walls to bulge outward in the upper story. In a few minutes he pulled on his gloves, opened his umbrella, turned quietly to the left, and went down the street.

His walk took him past the little town-hall, the Black Swan Hotel, the mother church of St. Mary, until he reached a row of modern houses, each considerably smaller than the building he had come from, and paused at the second door, whereon was just visible by the light of a lamp a brass plate covered with water-drops, and bearing the words, "Mr. Downe, Solicitor." It was one of those two-and-two brick residences of no particular age, which are exactly alike wherever they are found, except in the dispositions of the people they contain. The visitor knocked, and while he waited closed his umbrella decisively, as if he knew that entry to this house would not be denied him.

The apple-faced servant recognized him at once, and taking his umbrella, led him on to the door of a back parlor, whence the voices of children proceeded. When shown in, he beheld a family group of father, mother, and three little girls, seated round the lamp-lit table, examining a pile of picture-books, in which the creeping things of the earth appeared to great advantage in skins of more positive color than they are accustomed to wear in the open air.

"Come in, Mr. Barnet," said the husband, with pleasure in his tone, and a smile on his plump, cheery, self-indulgent face. He rose and placed a chair for his fellow-townsman, from whose face the irritation had now quite passed away.

Though they were old and very good friends, Barnet was a richer man than Downe, and this was to some extent perceptible in Downe's manner to the visitor, though nothing of it showed in Barnet's manner toward his host and hostess. Barnet's position in the town was none of his own making; his father had been a very successful flax merchant in the same place, where the trade was still carried on as briskly as the small capacities of its quarters would allow. Having acquired a fair fortune, old Mr. Barnet had retired from business, bringing up his son as a gentleman burgher, and, it must be added, as a well-educated, liberal-minded young man.

Before sitting down Barnet went the round of the room, touching the cheeks and patting the heads of the children, afterward chatting with the mother, and then including the whole group in a general survey. Though they could lay no special claim to elegance, they constituted a perfect scene of domestic cheerfulness and comfort, which Barnet seemed to recognize very clearly; for, with the privilege of an old acquaintance, he remained silently thinking for some time, while the children resumed their occupation of turning over leaves.

"How happy you are!" he said at length, half involuntarily. "'Tis a treat to come and see you, Downe—you fortunate fellow."

Mrs. Downe laughed, said something about the children being all well, and asked, "How is Mrs. Barnet?"

"Mrs. Barnet—is very well," said the visitor, leaving off his meditative regard of the family, and looking at a flame in the fire.

Mrs. Downe seemed to regret her inquiry, and her eye met that of her husband, more by accident than by impulse, and bore with it an expression of sympathy for the person who had last spoken. She immediately took up another thread of conversation—congratulated him on his election to the vacancy in the town-council; she thought she had not seen him since. She did mean to call, but in some way she had failed to do so.

"We should have been glad to see you. I—my wife would welcome you at any time, as you know....Yes, I am a member of the corporation—rather an inexperienced member, some of them say. It is quite true; and I should have declined the honor as premature—having other things on my hands just now, too—if it had not been pressed upon me so very heartily."

"There is one thing you have on your hands which I can never quite see the necessity for," said Downe, with good-humored freedom. "What the deuce do you want to build that great new mansion for, when you have already got such an excellent house as the one you live in?"

Barnet's face acquired a warmer shade of color; but as the question had been idly asked by the solicitor without lifting his eyes, he answered, after a moment, without embarrassment,

"Well, we wanted to get out of the town, you know; the house I am living in is rather old and inconvenient."

Mrs. Downe declared that he had chosen a pretty site for the new building. They would be able to see for miles and miles from the windows. Was he going to give it a name? She supposed so.

Barnet thought not. There was no other house near that was likely to be mistaken for it. And he did not care for a name.

"But I think it has a name," Downe observed. "I went past—when was it?—this morning, and I saw something—'Château Kingdale,' I think it was—stuck up on a board."

"It was an idea she—we had for a short time," said Barnet, hastily. "But we have decided finally to do without a name—at any rate, such a name as that. It must have been yesterday that you saw it. It was taken down last night.... Upon that matter I am firm," he added, grimly.

Downe murmured, in an unconvinced tone, that he thought it was that same day.

A silence followed, which Barnet broke by saying, "What is the matter with your thumb, Downe?"

"Oh, a slight gathering. I must have poisoned it somehow." He held up the ailing member, and looked at it with interest.

Barnet then observed that the bandage had been partly untied, and asked if they had been going to dress it when he came in. He hoped he had not interrupted them.

"Yes, we were," said Mrs. Downe, "but there is no hurry."

Barnet begged that nothing should be interrupted on his account. He had dropped in in the old-fashioned way of his bachelor days, and they were not to make an official visitor of him; they were to go on as if he were not there.

Thus entreated, Mrs. Downe took from a drawer a bandage and some green leaves. "I have been advised to dress it with these—they are excellent. If you apply the face of the leaf, it draws; if the back, it heals."

"No; the other way," said Barnet.

"Is it?" she inquired, looking up with a little alarm; "then I have been doing it wrong."

"Never mind; try it with the fresh one," said Downe. He stretched out his hand for the leaves, and in so doing struck the thumb against the edge of the table precisely on the centre of the swelling. He swung it rapidly up and down for a second or two, and turning very pale, leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes, as if overcome by sudden faintness.

"Oh, my dear Charles!" said his wife, jumping up; and quite ignoring the presence of Barnet, she pressed a hand against each of the sufferer's cheeks, and kissed him a good half-dozen smacks. The children crowded round, exclaiming, piteously, "Poor papa!" till bidden by their mother not to keep the air away, when they withdrew, and began to cry.

"He's all right," said Barnet, assuringly, and looking more at the wife than at the husband. Almost at any other time—certainly during his fastidious bachelor years—he would have thought her a too demonstrative woman; but the circumstances which had preceded his banging of the door that night made the unconsciousness of Mrs. Downe's actions so affecting to his sense that his eye grew damp as he witnessed it.

"He isn't all right!" said she, with a sound of hurt feelings, getting some water from a vase of primroses, and wetting his face.

"I meant that it was nothing serious," said Barnet, gently.

By this time, however, argument was needless, for Downe had opened his eyes. The children laughed through their tears, and Mrs. Downe tittered thankfully in unison.

"Well, to be sure!" cried the solicitor, standing up, and forcing a ghastly smile to cross his white countenance—for form's sake entirely, since it bore no relation whatever to his feelings. "What a stupid thing to do! and how it overcame me! I never felt anything like it before. The pain ran up my arm, over my shoulder, and like a dart into my heart. Oh, I am well enough now, my dear; you needn't fuss any more: you make a nonsensical piece of work about nothing!" And he pressed her aside.

"But do sit down, Charles," she begged, anxiously. "Yes, now, you must! You can not be strong, to faint like that. Dearest, do sit down! No, lie down on the couch, and I'll get you something."

"I really didn't faint," laughed Downe, drawing his hand across his pale brow.

"You are very ill; you are as white as a sheet. Isn't he, Mr. Barnet?"

Barnet admitted that Downe looked rather queer; that he would recover all the more quickly if he lay down as his wife bade him. "Come, now, it is not fair to slight her care for you in this way," he said.

Thus pressed, the solicitor did lie down, and his wife went to the sideboard, poured him out a glass of wine, arranged the sofa cushions for him, and seated herself beside his head. When the two men had again fallen into conversation, Mrs. Downe took advantage of her husband's self-forgetfulness to steal his still unbandaged thumb into her lap, and gently wrap it up, watching his face as she did so to learn if he betrayed signs of pain. At last Downe suggested to her that it was time for the children to be put to bed, and she left the room with them to superintend that performance.

Barnet, who had risen to open the door, closed it behind her, walked back to the fire-place, and drew out his watch. Making a mental note of the time, he slowly returned the watch to his pocket, and said, dryly: "Downe, you must be happy, if any man is. I would have a hundred such thumbs as you've got, to receive such attention as has been bestowed on you to-night."

"Well, yes, we get along pretty well here," said Downe, complacently; "but perhaps not so well as you will when you get into the new house."

"I am sorry to say that I rather misled you about that matter," Barnet answered, revealing an internal bitterness hitherto quite suppressed; "but I could not say before them, just now, what was the exact truth. That house, Downe, is none of my ordering. The house I have got is good enough for me, as you supposed. It is my own freehold; it was built by my grandfather, and is stout enough for a castle; the roof is entirely of oak, I believe. My father was born there, lived there, and died there. I was born there, and have always lived there; yet I must needs build a new one."

"Why do you?" said Downe.

"Why do I? To preserve peace in the household. I do anything for that; but I don't succeed. I was firm in resisting 'Château Kingdale,' however; not that I would not have put up with the absurdity of the name, but it was too much to have your house christened after Lord Kingdale because your wife once had a fancy for him. If you had only witnessed what I witnessed this evening before coming here, you would think all attempt at reconciliation hopeless. You, in your happy home, know nothing about such things, and God forbid that you should!"

Downe corrected his previous smiling manner, and there was a silence, during which the companions were lost in thought. Soon after, Mrs. Downe re-appeared, when Barnet remarked that it was time for him to return, bade the couple good-night, and left them.

He went slowly back toward his own door. The manner of his walk showed that the domestic scene just witnessed had much impressed him. It was precisely what he had gone to see, as a relief to the lurid picture which his own home so constantly presented. Yet he almost wished that he had not gone. The contrast was too great, and his mind fell back into the past, till he said, mentally, "So might it have been with me."

CHAPTER II.

Arriving opposite his own door, he stopped. The drizzling rain still continued; if anything, it had increased its volume. While he stood, eight o'clock struck from St. Mary's tower, then a large bell began to peal forth ancient curfew tones, and at the same instant there was a sound as of the rattle of musketry through the length of the street. The apprentices and shop-men were slamming up the shutters from end to end of the town. In two minutes only those shops which could boast of no attendant save the master or the mistress remained with open eyes. These were ever somewhat less prompt to exclude customers than the others: for their owners' ears the closing bell had scarcely the cheerfulness that it possessed for the hired servants of the rest. Yet the night being dreary, the delay was not for long, and their windows too soon blinked together one by one.

All this had happened before Barnet had moved. Then coming to a resolution, with a manner more passive than hasty he stepped again from his door into the spongy atmosphere. This time he went in a direction opposite to that formerly followed, turning down that part of the old street which led due southward. Here, though his family had no more to do with the flax manufacture, his own name occasionally greeted him on gates and warehouses, being used allusively by small rising tradesmen as a recommendation, in such words as "Jones, from Barnet & Co."—"Robinson, late manager at Barnet's." The sight led him to reflect upon his father's busy life, and he questioned if it had not been far happier than his own.

The houses along the road became fewer, and presently open ground appeared between them on either side, the tract on the right hand rising to a higher level, till it merged in a knoll. On the summit a row of builders' scaffold poles probed the indistinct sky like spears, and at their bases could be discerned the lower courses of a building lately begun. Barnet slackened his pace, and stood for a few moments without leaving the centre of the road, apparently not much interested in the sight, till suddenly his eye was caught by a post in the fore part of the ground, bearing a white board at the top. He went to the rails, vaulted over, and walked in far enough to discern painted upon the board, "Château Kingdale."

A dismal irony seemed to lie in the words, and its effect was to irritate him. He stuck his umbrella into the sod, and seized the post with both hands, as if intending to loosen and throw it down. Then, like one bewildered by an opposition which would exist none the less though its manifestations were removed, he allowed his arms to sink to his side.

"Let it be," he said to himself. "I have declared there shall be peace—if possible."

Taking up his umbrella, he quietly left the inclosure, and went on his way, still keeping his back to the town. He had advanced with more decision since passing the new building, and soon a hoarse murmur rose upon the gloom: it was the sound of the sea. The road led to the harbor, at a distance of a mile from the town, from which the trade of the district was fed. After seeing the obnoxious sign-board, Barnet had forgotten to open his umbrella, and the rain tapped smartly on his hat, and occasionally stroked his face, as he went on.

Though the lamps were still continued at the road-side, they stood at wider intervals than before, and the pavement had given place to common road. Every time he came to a lamp an increasing shine made itself visible upon his shoulders, till at last they quite glistened with wet. The murmur from the shore grew stronger, but it was still some distance off when he paused before one of the smallest of the detached houses by the way-side, standing in its own garden, the latter being divided from the road by a row of wooden palings. Scrutinizing the spot to insure that he was not mistaken, he opened the gate and gently knocked at the cottage door.

When he had patiently waited minutes enough to lead any man in ordinary cases to knock again, the door was heard to open, though it was impossible to see by whose hand, there being no light in the passage. Barnet said, at random, "Does Miss Savile live here?"

A youthful voice assured him that she did live there, and by a sudden after-thought asked him to come in. It would soon get a light, it said; but the night being wet, mother had not thought it worth while to trim the passage lamp.

"Don't trouble yourself to get a light for me," said Barnet, hastily; "it is not necessary at all. Will you tell Miss Savile that an old friend has called?—an old friend; you'll remember?"

The young person opened a door in the side of the passage, and uttered Mr. Barnet's precise words into the room, the illumination of which revealed the speaker to be a little girl with a square ancient face and a white pinafore. Barnet went forward at the same moment, and on entering the room closed the door behind him, pausing till he heard the retreating footsteps of the child.

He found himself in an apartment which was simply and neatly though not poorly furnished; everything, from the miniature chiffonier to the shining little daguerreotype which formed the central ornament of the mantel-piece, being in scrupulous order. The picture was inclosed by a frame of embroidered card-board—evidently the work of feminine hands—and it represented a thin-faced, elderly lieutenant in the navy. From behind the lamp on the table a female form now rose into view: it was a young girl, and a resemblance between her and the portrait was easily discoverable. She had evidently been so absorbed in some occupation on the other side of the lamp as to have barely found time to realize that her visitor was a gentleman.

They both remained standing for a few seconds without speaking. The face that confronted Barnet had a beautiful outline; the Raffaelesque oval of its contour was remarkable for an English countenance, and that countenance housed in a remote country road to an unheard-of harbor. But her features did not do justice to this splendid beginning: Nature had recollected that she was not in Italy; and the young lady's lineaments, though not so inconsistent as to make her plain, would have been accepted rather as pleasing than as correct. Her hair was brushed plainly over her forehead, and her dress was black. The resigned expression which, like images on the retina, remained with her for a moment after the state that caused it had ceased, now changed into a reserved, half-proud, and slightly indignant look, in which the blood diffused itself quickly across her cheek, and additional brightness broke the shade of her rather heavy eyes.

"I know I have no business here," he said, answering the look. "But I had a great wish to see you, and inquire how you were. You can give your hand to me, as an old acquaintance?" He anxiously held out his own.

"I have no right to look upon you in that light, Mr. Barnet," she answered, as she coldly complied with the request. "When I think of the circumstances of our last meeting, I can hardly consider it kind of you to ask such a thing—or, indeed, to come here at all."

"There was no harm in it, surely? I don't trouble you often, Lucy."

"I have not had the honor of a visit from you for a very long time, certainly, and I did not expect it now," she said, with the same stiffness in her air. "I hope Mrs. Barnet is very well?"

"Yes, yes," he impatiently returned. "For God's sake, don't let us talk of her—for a few minutes at least!"

"But she is your wife, sir," said the young girl, tremulously.

The unwonted tones of a man's voice in that feminine chamber had startled a canary that was roosting in its cage by the window; the bird awoke hastily, and fluttered against the bars. She went and stilled it by laying her face against the cage, and murmuring a coaxing sound. It might partly have been done to still herself.

"I didn't come to talk of Mrs. Barnet," he pursued; "I came to talk of you, of yourself alone; to inquire how you are getting on since your great loss." And he turned toward the portrait of her father.

"I am getting on nicely, thank you." The force of her utterance was, however, scarcely borne out by her look.

Barnet courteously reproached himself for not having guessed a thing so natural; and to dissipate all embarrassment, added, as he bent over the table, "What were you doing when I came?—painting flowers, and by candle-light."

"Oh no," she said, "not painting them—only sketching the outlines. I do that at night to save time: I have to get three dozen done by the end of the month."

Barnet looked as if he regretted it deeply. "You will wear your poor eyes out," he said, with more sentiment than he had hitherto shown. "You ought not to do it. There was a time when I should have said you must not. Well, I almost wish I had never seen light with my own eyes when I think of that!"

"Is this a time or place for recalling such matters?" she asked, with dignity. "You used to have a gentlemanly respect for me, and for yourself. Don't speak any more as you have spoken, and don't come again. I can not think that this visit is serious, or was closely considered by you."

"Considered: well, I came to see you as an old and good friend. I could not help doing it, so many things brought you into my mind. . . . This evening I called on an acquaintance, to escape a little from myself; and when I saw how happy he was with his wife and family around him, though with only one-tenth of my income and chances, it fairly broke down my discretion, and off I came here. Now I am here, I feel that I am wrong to some extent. But the feeling that I should like to see you, and talk of those we used to know in common, was very strong."

"Before that can be the case, a little more time must pass," said Miss Savile, quietly—"a time long enough for me to regard with some calmness what at present I remember far too impatiently, though it may be you almost forget it. Indeed, you must have forgotten it long before you acted as you did." Her voice grew stronger and more vivacious as she added, "But I am doing my best to forget it too, and I know I shall succeed from the progress I have made already."

She had remained standing till now, when she turned and sat down, facing half away from him.

Barnet watched her moodily. "Yes, it is only what I deserve," he said. "Ambition pricked me on—no, it was not ambition; it was wrongheadedness. Had I but reflected. . . ." He broke out vehemently: "But always remember this, Lucy: if you had written to me only one little line after that misunderstanding, I declare I should have come back to you. That ruined me!" He slowly walked as far as the little room would allow him to go, and remained with his eyes on the skirting.

"But, Mr. Barnet, how could I write to you? There was no compact of any sort between us."

He turned again. "Then there ought to have been. That was my fault."

"Well, I don't know anything about that; but as there had been nothing said by you which gave me any right to send you a letter, I did not send one. You had made me no promises, and I did not feel that you had broken any, nor have I ever accused you of doing so to anybody. I should, indeed, be weak and foolish if I were to accuse you of doing wrong because you saw some woman more after your own heart than I was, and, feeling her more capable than myself of making you happy, married her."

"I never thought she was a woman more after my own heart than you were, nor did I feel that she was more capable of making me happy. It was destiny—accident—I don't know what. You were the woman to make me happy, and I let you slip, like the foolish man that I was."

"Oh, Mr. Barnet," she said, almost in tears, "don't go on about the subject to me; I am the wrong one to console. Think, sir: you should not be here; it would be so bad for me if it were known!"

"It would—it would indeed," he said, hastily. "I am not right in doing this, and I won't do it again."

"Try to make it up with Mrs. Barnet, if you have disagreed," she continued, with gentle solicitude, as she followed him to the door of the room. "Don't you think you may have offered provocation on your side? Perhaps you may have said in a moment of haste that you married her only for what she possessed, or some such thing?—and nothing would exasperate a woman more than that."

He shook his head. "I have never done it," he said.

"Well, you don't know that I should have accepted you, even if you had asked me to be your wife." And she looked up to add, in a voice of soothing playfulness: "My family was so much poorer than yours, even before I lost my dear father, that—perhaps your friends would have made it unpleasant for us on account of my deficiencies of fortune. It is a very common folly of human nature, you know, to think the course you did *not* follow must have been the best."

"Your disposition would soon have won them round," said Barnet, smiling negatively.

She archly expostulated: "Now never mind my disposition; try to make it up with your wife. Those are my commands to you. And now you are to leave me at once."

"I will, though I have kept saying so, and staying on," he replied, more cheerfully than he had as yet spoken. "Heaven bless you for a dear girl!" And he suddenly opened the door, and left her alone. When his glance again fell on the lamps that were sparsely ranged along the dreary level road, his eyes were in a state which showed straw-like motes of light radiating from each flame into the surrounding air.

On the other side of the way Barnet observed a man under an umbrella, walking parallel with himself. Presently this man left the footway, and gradually converged on Barnet's course. The latter then saw that it was Charlson, a surgeon of the town, who owed him money. Charlson was a man not without ability, yet he did not prosper. Sundry circumstances stood in his way as a practitioner: he was needy; he was not a coddle; he gossiped with men instead of with women; he had married a stranger instead of one of the town young ladies; and he was given to conversational buffoonery. Moreover, his look was quite erroneous. Those only proper features in the family doctor, the quiet eye, and the thin straight passionless lips which never curl in public either for laughter or for scorn, were not his; he had a full curved mouth, and a bold black eye that made timid people nervous. His companions were what in old times would have been called boon companions—an expression which, though of irreproachable root, suggests fraternization carried to the point of unscrupulousness. All this was against him in the little town of his adoption.

Charlson had been in difficulties, and to oblige him Barnet had put his name to a bill; and, as he had expected, was obliged to meet it when it fell due. It had been only a matter of fifty pounds, which Barnet could well afford to lose, and he bore no ill-will to the thriftless surgeon on account of it; though Charlson had a little too much brazen indifferentism in his composition to be altogether a desirable acquaintance.

"I hope to be able to make that little bill business right with you in the course of three weeks, Mr. Barnet," said Charlson, with hail-fellow friendliness.

Barnet replied good-naturedly that there was no hurry.

This particular three weeks had moved on in advance of Charlson's present with the precision of a shadow for some considerable time.

"I've had a dream," Charlson continued. Barnet knew from his tone that the surgeon was going to begin his characteristic nonsense, and did not encourage him. "I've had a dream," repeated Charlson, who required no encouragement. "I dreamed that a gentleman, who has been very kind to me, married a haughty lady in haste, before he had quite forgotten a nice little girl he knew before, and that one wet evening, like the present, as I was walking up the harbor road, I saw him come out of that dear little girl's present abode."

Barnet glanced toward the speaker. The rays from a neighboring lamp struck through the drizzle under Charlson's umbrella, so as just to illuminate his face against the shade behind, and show that his eye was turned up under the outer corner of its lid, whence it leered with impish jocoseness, as he thrust his tongue into his cheek.

"Come," said Barnet, gravely, "we'll have no more of that."

"No, no—of course not," Charlson hastily answered, seeing that his humor had carried him too far, as it had done many times before. He was profuse in his apologies, but Barnet did not reply. Of one thing he was certain—that scandal was a plant of quick root, and that he was bound to obey Lucy's injunction for Lucy's own sake.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GLIMPSES OF SWEDEN.

The houses in Sweden are mostly built of wood, and the crevices between the timbers are tightly calked with moss. In many country districts they are colored a deep red by ochre mixed with rye flour, which serves in lieu of paint. Frequently a big ladder stands propped against the front, to serve in case of fire, for, as the roofs are tiled with wood, a few sparks from the chimney may easily suffice to set them in a blaze. Sometimes beside the ladder is hung a monster rake, which is used to strip the burning shingles from the roof. Open fires are rarely used, the rooms being mostly warmed with large white stoves of earthenware, in shape like a big shower-bath, which doubtless are effective, but have not a cheerful fireside sort of look.

It is a common thing in Sweden for the belfry to be built of wood, and placed a few yards from the church. This is the case at Söderkypping, where the beams that buttress and support the belfry are protected from the weather by small wooden tiles, or shingles. The church-yards appear mostly to be kept with care and reverence, flowers being freshly put or planted on the graves, and seats placed beside them for the use of mourners. Long laudatory epitaphs seem not at all in favor with the Swedes. As a rule, the inscription is as short as possible. Brevity apparently is looked upon in Sweden as the soul of tombstone writing. The history of a life is often told in two short lines. Even the very dates are abbreviated sometimes in a manner rather business-like. The record in some cases will stand simply thus: "Född 4/5/1832. Död 3/11/58." This, however, is more commonly expanded into, "Hen wär född den 6 Sep. 1867. Död den 5 Dec. 1876." Or there is a variation such as, "Här underhvilar till uppstandelsens dag," and not unfrequently the addition of a reference to a psalm, which, however, is not quoted, it being assumed that memory will supply the missing words.

The night is generally a rather trying time for timid travellers. The usually momentous question, "What shall we have for dinner?" sinks into insignificance when compared with the dread query, "Will the sheets be damp?" or "How about mosquitoes?" Certainly I spent some singular nights in Sweden, and I may thank my lucky star that they were not more numerous. To one accustomed to home comforts, especially at bed-time, it is curious to find one's self compelled to seek one's rest upon a half-stuffed sofa-bed, about a foot or so too short, and quite as much too narrow, and very scantily supplied with pillowing and coverlet. The fear of falling off the shelf is fatal to the hope of sinking into easy slumber. Still further cause of wakefulness is furnished by the stuffy smell which tells of windows rarely opened; and the terrible anxiety and doubt as to the advent of those nocturnal visitors foreshadowed not too dimly by the dismal "wägglus-bräde"—or, in plain English, the bug-board—on view at the Museum of Ethnology at Stockholm.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Almost simultaneously with the announcement that the ice companies in the vicinity of New York were about to make an enormous increase in the price of ice to consumers, came the news that in Eastern Maine immense amounts of ice were being cut and stored. The rumor that there was a scarcity of ice in this vicinity set people in Maine, where there is an abundance of this commodity, busily at work. On the Penobscot River, especially in the vicinity of Bangor, it seemed as if half the inhabitants were harvesting ice, with an increasing demand for men, horses, lumber to cover the ice, and tools for cutting. While it is true that the ice crop on the Lower Hudson has been a failure this season, it is by no means true that it has failed everywhere. On the contrary, in Northern New York, in Canada, and in Maine there has been a great abundance of ice. Local scarcity of an article does not, in these days of easy transportation, necessitate the quadrupling its price. The argument of the ice companies that there is great waste in transporting and delivering ice is not very potent, because everybody knows that there *is* waste, and that there was as much last year as there will be this year.

When ice is reasonably cheap, consumers use freely, especially in the warm weather, when it is such a luxury; but when it is exorbitantly high, they enforce a rigid economy, which makes half the ordinary quantity taken amply sufficient for household needs. If ice is always protected by a dry blanket, and cut with care, great waste may be prevented.

This seems a favorable time for experiments with ice-machines. There are some very successful ones in operation, and others are to have their capabilities tested in April.

There are four firms that monopolize the manufacture of quinine in the whole United States. They seem to be not contented with the enormous wealth they have acquired, but complain against the removal of the duty on quinine. Their idea of what is well for the country appears to be that on the things which are used in manufacturing quinine there should be no tax or duty, but that on quinine itself there should be a duty. Perhaps of all medicinal agents quinine is the most important; to thousands and thousands it is at times an essential agent of health and life. The laws of the country should be such as to make a necessity like this as easily obtainable as possible by all—the poor as well as the rich. No monopoly should be allowed to stand in the way of its being made more accessible to millions of the poor in our land who need it.

The great whale which recently excited general curiosity in this city was caught in Cape Cod Bay, by the use of an instrument known as the bomb-lance. Its extreme length was sixty-five feet, its largest diameter fifteen feet, and the mouth was large enough to admit a ship's long-boat, crew and all. The estimated amount of oil it contained was forty barrels.

The following incident comes from Mallona, near Bilbao, in Spain. A little child that had been baptized by a Catholic priest died. The father, however, had become a Protestant, and desired his child to be buried in a Protestant part of the cemetery. The priest objected, and when the coffin reached the cemetery it was seized and placed in the receiving vault, while priest and father appealed to the Governor. He referred the matter to the Minister at Madrid, who telegraphed that "parents have the right to decide for themselves in what cemeteries the bodies of their children shall be buried."

Memphis, Tennessee, is introducing a new system of sewerage, and substituting for its rotten wood pavement one of stone. The people could take no better preventive measures against the yellow fever.

The trustees of the American Museum of Natural History make the pleasant announcement that the institution is free from debt. A deficiency which last year amounted to nearly $30,000 has been made up by the liberality of the Board of Trustees, and a small balance remains to the credit of the Museum. The Museum is open to the public four days in the week, but on Mondays and Tuesdays is reserved for the arrangement of the specimens, and for purposes of study. There are large airy rooms in the upper portion of the Museum, where full opportunity is given to students who desire to investigate any particular branch of study.

Prince Paul Demidoff is reputed to be worth more than $50,000,000. The founder of the family, Nikita Demidoff, was the son of a serf at the time of Peter the Great. He became a blacksmith and armorer, and acquired a large fortune in his trade. He established for the Russian government the first iron foundry in Siberia, near the base of the Ural Mountains, and afterward, other foundries having been modelled after this, the Czar presented it, with all its dependencies, to him. Nikita's son explored rich mines of copper, silver, and gold found in the valleys of the Irtish and Obi rivers, and erected a foundry, which is at this time still the largest in Siberia.

An arctic expedition is now being fitted out under the supervision of Captain H. W. Howgate, and is expected to sail from Washington about the middle of May. Any contributions of reading matter will be thankfully received and acknowledged by Captain Howgate if sent to him at Washington.

The sale of the second part of the Brinley collection of books lasted four days, and the amount realized was over thirty-three thousand dollars. The whole amount of this and the first part sold last year was nearly eighty-two thousand dollars. Two more parts of this extraordinary collection remain to be sold, and are said to contain some great prizes.

Santa Barbara, a West Indian town situated on the Bay of Panama, was nearly destroyed by a disastrous fire which occurred on March 9. The fire originated in a private house, and being at night, and the wind high, spread with great rapidity. There were no appliances for extinguishing the flames, and soon the chief portion of the business part of the town was swept away.

The prohibition of the importation of potatoes into Norway from the United States will remain in effect until the close of the year 1885. This is in consequence of the continued prevalence of the potato-bug or potato-beetle in the United States.

The Post-office authorities deserve great credit for tracing the authorship of numerous annoying letters which were sent at different times to a clergyman of this city. The guilty person, having departed from this city, was arrested in Baltimore, and committed to the Tombs in this city. Why this man Williamson selected a prominent clergyman to torment seems unexplainable; and whether the design was mere mischief, or to extort money, is not easy to say. Doubtless the usual plea of insanity will be offered in his behalf. Certainly, if he is insane, he should be put where he will cause no further annoyance to the public; and if he is not insane, no mercy should be shown him; for this is not the first offense of the kind he has committed.

On March 27 the ship *Constellation*, provided by the Secretary of the Navy, by governmental authority, to convey to Ireland gifts for the famine sufferers, started on her voyage. The freight consisted chiefly of over 3300 barrels of provisions, and some clothing.

By the recent agreement made by our government with the Ute chiefs, each adult Ute is to receive 160 acres of land in fee-simple, which he can cultivate for his support, instead of hunting over the vast tract now occupied by the tribes. The Ute delegation who have been in Washington, and to whom this agreement was presented, are confident of obtaining the consent of their people to the whole arrangement with our government. But the query has naturally been raised, What security can the Indian feel on this land when he can claim the protection of no law to defend him in the possession of it? As the law now stands, he is not recognized as a "person," and has no legal right to any personal property. What is to be done about this?

It is announced that there will be at Lucerne in 1881 a Swiss Agricultural Exhibition, which will continue ten days.

The London *Telegraph* relates a strange story which has come from Norway. About the middle of February, as some fishermen were hauling in their nets in one of the fiords on the western coast not far from Bergen, they sighted a singular object some distance from them. At first they fancied it was some sea monster, but when curiosity overcame fear, and they approached the mystery, they discovered it was a smashed and dismantled railway carriage, with the words "Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway" painted on it. There was a portmanteau inside containing clothing; and it is supposed that it was one of the relics of the Tay Bridge disaster, separated from the other carriages, and floated out to sea by the tide.

March brought the heaviest storms of the season—snow, rain, and severe gales.

An Italian medical journal contains a letter from one Dr. Rudolff, announcing the discovery of a rapid remedy for colds. While suffering with a severe catarrhal cold, he happened to chew a twig of the eucalyptus, and swallowed some of the bitter aromatic juice. To his surprise he found that in the course of half an hour the nasal catarrh had disappeared. Some days later he was seized with another attack from a fresh exposure, when the same treatment was followed by an equally fortunate result. He then prescribed the remedy to several of his patients, all of whom were benefited. He believes that this treatment is only suitable in acute cases.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

René sternly reproaches Nana for having jilted him. With no less gentleness Nana answers, "What would you, *mon ami!* You know I am already engaged to Paul, Jean, Charles, Alphonse, and Henri!" "We could crowd a little," insisted the aspirant, humbly.

A Chicago man has a woman's tooth grafted into his jaw, and now every time he passes a millinery store that tooth fairly aches to drag him up to the window.

A man very much in debt being reprimanded by his friends for his disgraceful situation, and the anxiety of a debtor being urged by them in very strong expressions: "Ah, that may be the case," said he, "with a person who thinks of paying."

No matter how prosperous their business may be, whalers and lard-makers always have trying times.

Why is a riddle guessed by a father impossible to be guessed by any other member of the family?—Because it is pa's finding out.

A lady hearing the remark that the storm signal was set, inquired what that meant; and being told that the Signal Department at Washington now watches the weather, and telegraphs in advance all over the country, replied, "Now isn't that convenient for washer-women!"

When a Boston girl is presented with a bouquet, she says, "Oh, how deliciously sweet! its fragrance impregnates the entire atmosphere of the room." A down-East girl simply says, "It smells scrumptious—thanks, Reuben."

"Necessity knows no law," said a member of the bar one day at dinner. "Are you a necessity?" asked his four-year-old daughter. "Well, I can't say. Why do you ask?" replied the father. "'Cause Mr. Spear says that you know nothing about law," was the innocent reply.

"How do you like the new minister?" asked a lady of her little girl. "Oh, he is splendid! I like him ever so much better than I did the other one." "Why?" asked her mother. "Well," said the child, trying to think of a good reason, "he has a better complexion."

Considerate Mother (*to governess*). "Miss Smith, don't let Alfred and Jennie sit down on the damp grass, for fear they should catch cold. When they are tired you can sit down and take them on your lap."

There is a young lady in Keokuk, Iowa, who is six feet four inches tall, and she is engaged to be married. The man who won her did it in these words:

"Thy beauty set my soul aglow;
I'd wed thee right or wrong;
Man wants but little here below,
But wants that little long."

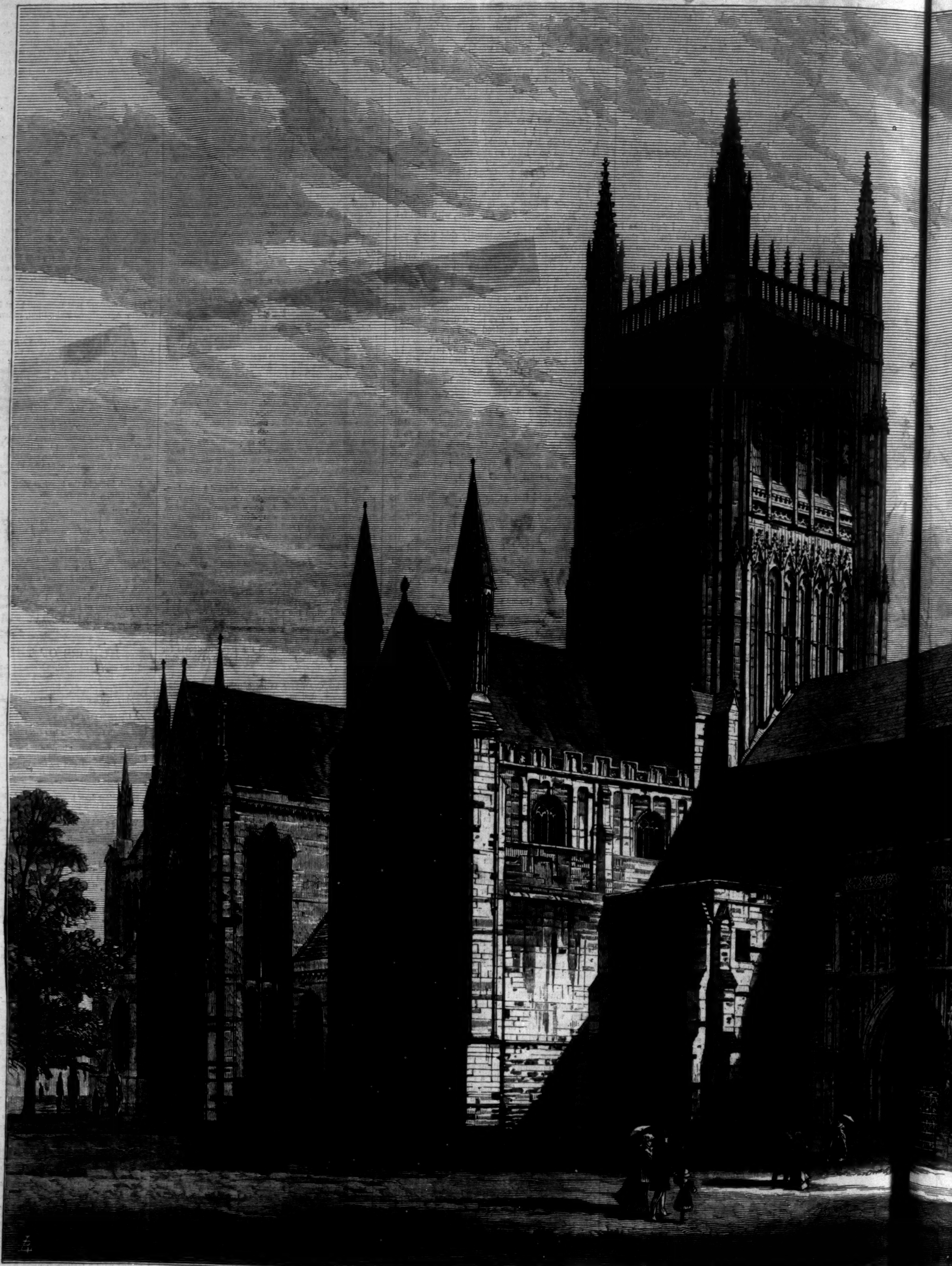
Anna. "How I do love pets! before I was married I always had a monkey."

Arthur. "And what have you now?"

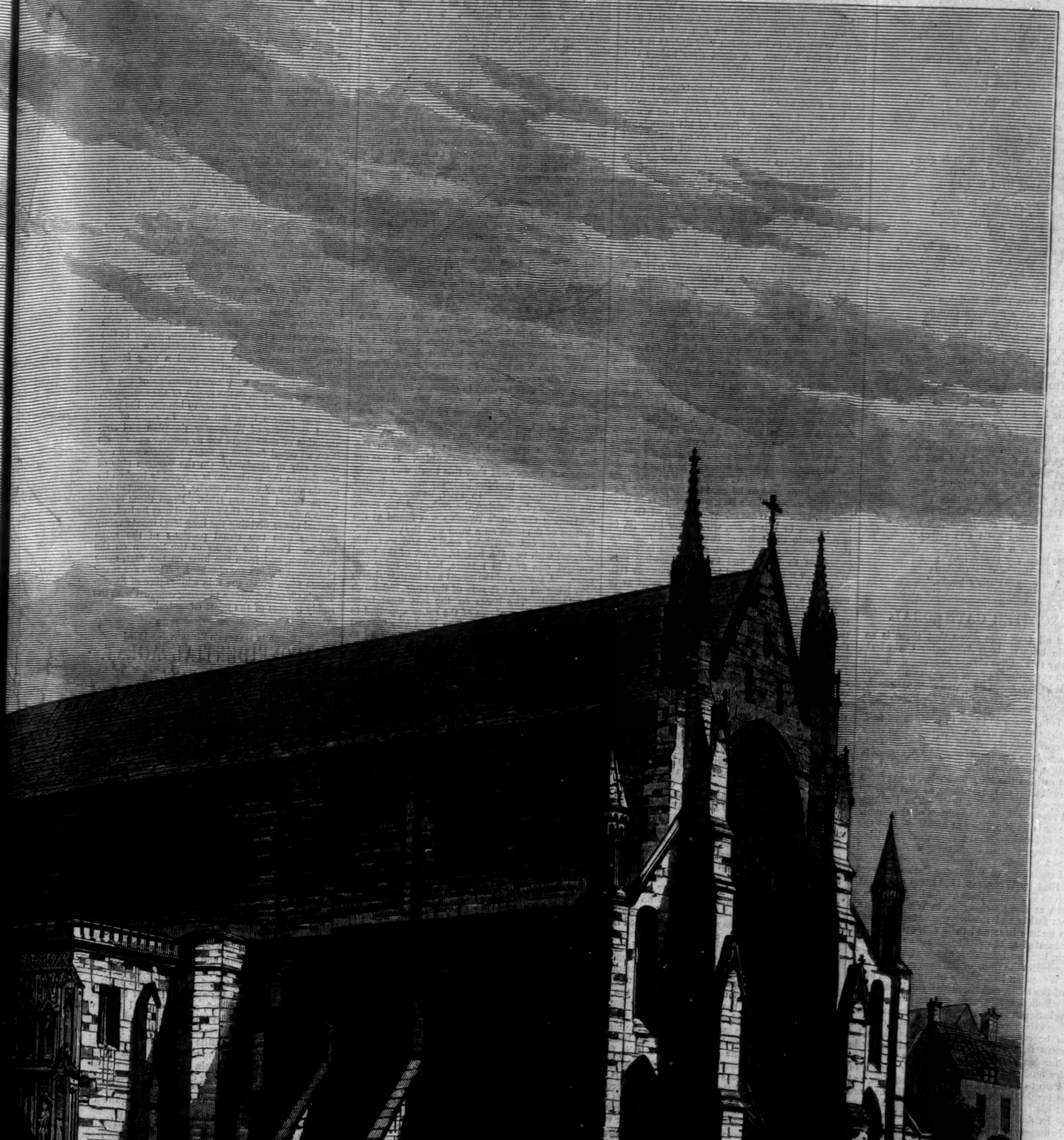
Anna. "You."

"Are you the mail-carrier?" she asked of the Hibernian postman. "Faith, an' de ye think oi'm the famale carrier?" he asked, as he looked toward the sky with his nose.

Dr. Johnson had a habit of eating very fast, and using his fingers in place of his fork. One day the cynic was dining with a company, when a young would-be wit remarked, "Doctor, you remind me of Nebuchadnezzar." "Nebuchadnezzar?" replied the doctor, his mouth full of victuals—"ah, yes. That's because I'm eating with brutes."



ENGLISH CHURCH ARCHITECTURE CESTER



CESTER CATHEDRAL.—[See Page 250.]

MY HEROES.

In grand and stately phalanx
My glorious heroes stand;
They wear no glittering helmet,
They wield no flashing brand;
No shield nor coat of armor
Have they to make them brave:
Their chosen, only weapon
A barn-yard inmate gave.

When common men have perished,
No earthly trace we find:
The souls of these my heroes
Rose and remained behind.
To lowly dust and ashes
Though mortal flesh hath gone,
No grave can ever hide them—
Their very lives live on.

Each chose a noble mistress,
And low before her throne
Vowed service and devotion
To her, and her alone.
These bowed them down to Letters,
Those chose the Poet's part;
Each took his vows upon him
With stout and eager heart.

Ah! he that chose Religion
Wore oft a martyr's crown,
And he who bowed to Science
In blood hath laid him down.
But ours the shining fabric
Their patient toil hath wrought;
We have it for our birthright,
The heritage of Thought.

What hath the sword accomplished,
Or lance by warrior hurled?—
The weapon of my heroes
Hath changed the whole wide world.
By faith they learned to labor
Through dust and toil and tears,
And now they live forever
Through all the tide of years.

And I—I live among them:
I have on yonder shelves
The spirits of my heroes,
Their very souls and selves.
Sometimes a dainty fairy
Within my study looks;
To her that stately phalanx
Are only "Papa's books."

WORCESTER CATHEDRAL.

Nearly all travellers agree that there is an indefinable beauty about Worcester Cathedral, though why this edifice should impress the mind more than many other of the English minsters it is difficult to say, since its exterior is extremely plain, and totally devoid of all labored ornamentation. The proportions are certainly on a grand scale: it is in length 514 feet, in breadth 78 feet, and in height 68 feet, while the tower, which rises from the cross aisle, reaches an altitude of 200 feet. Its characteristic excellence undoubtedly consists in its height, space, and the lightness of its architecture, to which the lofty pinnacles, rising from every termination of the building, as well as from the tower, contribute not a little. The building is, in all respects, a noble specimen of the simple Gothic, nor is its simplicity at all affected by the diversities of architectural style naturally arising from its being executed by different workmen and at different periods.

The foundations of Worcester Cathedral were laid in 1084 by Wulfstan II., bishop and saint, of whom so many anecdotes are told. Wulfstan was born at Long Itchington, in Warwickshire. Both his father and mother embraced monasticism in mature life; and their son, after having been educated at the great monastery of Peterborough, became himself a monk at Worcester, and eventually the prior of the convent. At this period Wulfstan had a keen liking for the pleasures of the table, and particularly enjoyed roast goose. Boiled meats were generally placed on the Anglo-Saxon table, and special directions had therefore to be given when anything roast or fried was to be prepared. The order was given by Wulfstan that a roast goose should be made ready for his dinner. He then went about his ordinary business. There were many clients of the bishop to whom he had to pay attention, and he was involved in secular duties. He had not broken his fast when he was called upon to say mass. In due time he entered the church, extremely hungry, and passed into the chancel, near to which, unfortunately, the kitchen was placed. A whiff of goose affected his olfactory nerves; the savor interfered with his devotions; his thoughts wandered to his dinner; his conscience reproached him. Immediately his resolution was formed. Then and there he vowed before the altar that from that time forth he would never taste meat. True to his vow, he remained all his life a vegetarian, except upon festivals, when he regaled himself upon fish. What was a fast to others was a luxury to him.

In spite of his piety, Wulfstan had his enemies. The records say that Archbishop Lanfranc attempted to have him deposed for "insufficiency." To rebut this charge the saint produced *striking* evidence. He struck his pastoral staff so far and so firm into the tomb of Edward the Confessor that no one but himself could remove it. Wulfstan seems to have given offense by his extreme attention to public morals. At one time during his prelacy the hair was permitted by persons of almost all ranks to grow to a very great length, which induced the pious bishop to preach with great severity against such an effeminate fashion. Finding that his sermons had not all the effect he wished them to have, an ancient author tells us that when any one bowed down before him to receive his blessing, he cut off a lock of his hair with a little sharp knife he carried about him for the purpose, and enjoined him to shorten the rest in like fashion, denouncing dreadful judgments against such as refused to comply with his commands.

The original church upon whose site Wulfstan laid the foundations of the present cathedral was dedicated to St. Peter, but we can not suppose its workmanship to have been very fine, as it was built by the Saxons. A short time before the Conquest it was burned by Hardicanute, and its ruins were removed not a long time afterward by the order of Wulfstan. The pious bishop is said to have wept when he saw his workmen executing his orders previous to the erection of a new church and monastery. Some of his attendants endeavored to comfort him by the argument that the church was about to be raised in greater splendor, and that the increased number of holy monks required more extensive accommodations. Wulfstan answered: "I think far otherwise. We poor wretches destroy the works of our forefathers only to get greater praise to ourselves. That happy age of holy men knew not how to build stately churches, but under any roof they offered themselves living temples unto God, and by their examples incited those under their care to do the same; but we, on the contrary, neglecting the care of souls, labor to heap up stones."

In 1113 the cathedral as well as the town and castle of Worcester were greatly injured by fire. William of Malmesbury relates that this event was foretold by Wulfstan. He also tells us that the whole city and all the rest of the churches were burned with the cathedral. At the same time he throws a most prodigious doubt over his whole narrative by insisting that the tomb of the founder or rebuilder and the mat on which the people kneeled before his shrine were not in the least damaged, or even discolored by the smoke, nor did any ashes fall near them. On this occasion the cathedral escaped; but in 1202, at Easter-tide, it was burned, together with all the buildings and offices attached to it. During the whole of the year before, great miracles had been manifested at the tomb of Wulfstan, and many sick persons were said to be cured there daily. Accordingly on St. Giles's Day, which occurs in September, Hubert Walter, Archbishop of Canterbury, went to Worcester, with other bishops, to inquire into the truth of the reported miracles. Certain monks of Worcester took his favorable judgment to Rome, and in the following year Wulfstan was canonized by Pope Innocent III., who so far honored the new English saint as to compose a prayer for his office.

From this time offerings poured in daily at the tomb of St. Wulfstan, and it was no doubt with the wealth thus acquired by the monastery that the cathedral was restored. A general repair took place, and a complete new front was built. In 1301 the pillars of the choir and of the Lady-chapel at the east end were ornamented by Bishop Giffard, who was then Lord Chancellor. In the great columns he inlaid small pillars, uniting them together by rings of gilded copper. These have been supposed by some to be marble, but on close inspection it is evident that they are a composition susceptible of the highest polish. It appears from a MS. drawn up by William Hopkins, prebendary of the cathedral, that the greater part of the buildings, consisting of the hall, refectory, cloister, water-gate, etc., were all built between 1320 and 1386 by Bishop Wakefield, who also lengthened the body of the edifice by adding two arches to the west end. The north aisle had previously been vaulted by Bishop, Cobham. Bishop Wakefield is said also to have built the north porch—an elegant specimen of the architecture of the period.

From this time until the unhappy contest between Charles I. and his Parliament no particular alterations took place, but the dilapidations which then occurred may be easily imagined from what is said in a work prepared by a contemporary writer, called *Thomas's Survey*. Here we are informed that when the whole Parliamentary Army had arrived from London, under command of the Earl of Essex, the first thing that the soldiery undertook was the profanation of the cathedral, destroying the organ, breaking most of the beautiful painted windows in pieces, and with the "most barbarous sanctity" defacing the tombs of the dead. Not content with this, they brought their horses into the cathedral, and built fires, and established there their guard-rooms. "To make their wickedness more complete," adds our author, "they rifled the library, with the records and evidences of the church, tore the Bibles and service-books belonging to the choir, and dressed up their dragoons in the surplices and other vestments, in which they afterward paraded the streets of the city."

These devastations have since been in a great measure repaired. Much was done in the early part of our own century, when great improvements were made not only in the exterior architecture, but in the interior regulations and arrangements. Indeed, after all that it has suffered, Worcester Cathedral stands alone among the cathedrals of England in the gratification it affords those who admire the grand and simple in architecture. The tower has been by some called heavy, and not, perhaps, without reason, particularly in the upper tier of ornamented windows. Much curious work, however, may be seen on its sides, as well as some ancient statues. These represent the Virgin with the Child Jesus, St. Wulfstan, St. Oswald, and other dignitaries and prelates connected with the cathedral. In this tower is the bell-room, which contains a set of eight bells, each with a different inscription. The last is:

> "I sweetly touling men do call,
> To taste the meat that feeds the soul."

As with most of the other English minsters, much of the interest connected with Worcester centres in the monuments it contains. That of Dr. John Hough, bishop of the see, and head of Magdalen College, Oxford, is justly considered the finest the cathedral can boast of. It is a most superb piece of sculpture, exciting admiration from all beholders, and forever stamping the fame of the artist, Roubilliac. A full-length effigy of the bishop reclines on the top of a sepulchre upheld by a figure of Religion. The inscription gives due praise to the "unbounded charity, the courteous affability, and the engaging condescension" of the prelate, who is described as the "ever-memorable President of Magdalen College, Oxford, who, providentially for this nation, opposed the rage of popish superstition and tyranny." A small bass-relief represents the president's expulsion from Magdalen, resulting from his opposition to the measures by which James II. proposed to re-introduce the Catholic faith into England. Hough was made Bishop of Oxford in 1690, translated to Coventry in 1699, and to Worcester in 1717. He died at the age of ninety-three, having enjoyed the latter dignity for a period of over fifty-two years.

The most interesting of the monuments is perhaps that of King John. This is the most ancient tomb existing in England of all the ancestors of the present royal family since the Conquest. The effigy of the monarch lies upon it, with his crown upon his head. The inscription, now become almost illegible, is "Johannes Rex Angliæ." In the right hand is a sceptre; in the left a sword, the point of which is received in the mouth of a lion couchant at the king's feet. The figure is as large as life, and on each side, on a level with the pavement, are two sepulchral images, of smaller size, of the saints Oswald and Wulfstan, between whom he had desired to be buried, so that he might be secure from evil spirits. With respect to the monarch himself, history records that he died in October, 1216, in the fifty-first year of his very troublesome reign. From the annals of Walter of Coventry it appears that he died of dysentery, at Newark-upon-Trent, and that his body was carried to Worcester, but his bowels buried at Croxton, in the house of the Premonstratensian order. It was for many years supposed that this tomb was merely a cenotaph, and that the body lay actually buried in the Lady-chapel. In 1797, however, during the process of repairing the cathedral, the coffin containing the king's remains was found at the bottom of the tomb on a level with the pavement. It was cut out of Higley marble, and was only covered with two elm boards. Part of the royal apparel was firm in texture, but the color was gone. A portion of the sword and leather sheath was lying on the left side of the body, but much mouldered. The boots on the feet were more perfect, and part of one of the robes appeared to have been embroidered. The head was covered with a close-fitting skull-cap, which appeared to have been buckled under the chin. A quantity of what appeared to be a kind of white paste, which lay in lumps, was probably the salt of which Matthew Paris speaks as being used for preserving the body for a time. The tomb was shortly after closed. It is hardly to be doubted that the body of the king had been arrayed in the same apparel as that exhibited on his effigy.

Prince Arthur, the eldest son of Henry VII., was born at Winchester, and died at Ludlow Castle in his sixteenth year. His remains were brought to this cathedral for interment, and his chantry, which fills the whole bay on the south side of the altar, is an exceedingly rich example of late and elaborate Gothic architecture. The sides are formed of open and closed panel-work, enriched with figures and heraldic devices, among which occur the rose, fetter-lock, and portcullis. The small figures, however, are rudely executed, and have been greatly injured. Within, the chantry has a flat groined roof with curious flying supports. In the central panel are the arms of the prince, with stags as supporters. At the west end is a small seated figure of Henry VII. The east end is covered by a rich mass of tabernacle-work with niches. In the central niche is a small figure of the Saviour on a cross, with angels swinging censors at the head. On either side are figures of saints, one of which is apparently St. George. The whole has been terribly shattered, but the details deserve attention. In the centre of the chantry is the tomb of the prince, with shields and armorial bearings on the side panels. There is no effigy. The inscription, in black-letter, reads:

> "Here lyeth buried Prince Arthur, the first begotten Sonne of the Right Renowned King Henry the Seventhe, which noble Prince departed out of this transitory Life att the Castle of Ludlow the seaventeenthe Yeere of his father's raygne, and in the yeere of our Lord one thousand five hundred and two."

Among the many eminent prelates who have held the see of Worcester, the prominent names in history are Egwyn (whose preaching the Alcester miners drowned with the din of their hammers), St. Oswald, St. Wulfstan, Wakefield, Pope Clement VII., and the humorous satirist Earle. The one name of all others, however, before which the light of every priest and bishop pales is that of Hugh Latimer, who held his place but for the short period of four years. Hough fought valiantly for the Protestant cause, but he lived in more favorable days, and triumphed over his enemies, while his great predecessor perished at the stake. No reader of Church history but is familiar with the picture of the aged martyr as he was brought before his judges, dressed as in prison, with a cap on his head buttoned under his chin, a pair of spectacles hanging at his breast, a New Testament under his arm, and a staff in his hand; and again, as he stood at the stake, exclaiming in tone of triumph to the companion at his side: "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man. We shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England as I trust will never be put out."

One of the incidents in Latimer's career not so familiar, but showing the candor and simplicity of the man, was a sermon he preached, in which occurs the passage describing his father, and at the same time revealing the manner in which his own youth was spent: "My father was a yeoman, and had no lands of his own; only he had a farm of three or four pounds a year at the uttermost, and hereupon he tilled so much as kept half a dozen men. He had walk for a hundred sheep, and my mother milked thirty kine. He was able and did find the king an harness for himself and his horse, whilst he came unto the place that he should receive the king's wages. I can remember I buckled his harness when he went to Blackheath field. He kept me to school, or else I had not been able to preach before the King's Majesty now. He married my sisters with five pounds, or twenty nobles, apiece, so that he brought them up in godliness and fear of God. He kept hospitality for his poor neighbors, and some alms he gave to the poor, and all this did he of the same farm where he that now hath it payeth sixteen pounds by the year or more, and is not able to do anything for his prince, for himself, nor for his children, nor give a cup of drink to the poor." Latimer was made Bishop of Worcester in 1535. In his diocese he labored zealously until the Parliament of 1539, which, through the influence of Gardiner, passed the famous Six Articles. Latimer immediately resigned, and was shortly after sent to the Tower. Sixteen years later, with Cranmer and Ridley, he was burned at Oxford.

The city of Worcester, where this great cathedral stands, is one of the most ancient and most agreeably situated in England. Distant some 111 miles from London, it stands in a charming vale on the eastern bank of the Severn, nearly in the centre of the county. Being anciently a fortified town, Worcester once possessed a very strong wall, of which there still exist certain traces. A century ago there were some remains of the six ports or gates, but, to the regret of the antiquary, these were removed in order to improve the principal entrances into the city. In spite of the great antiquity of Worcester, the plan and construction of the streets are so regular as to place it on an equal footing in these respects with any other city in England. On the western side of the Severn the landscape is agreeably broken by gentle and well-wooded swells, terminating in the purple-tinted Malvern Hills. From these elevations a fine view of the cathedral may be had, the central tower dividing the long level mass exactly midway into two equal portions of the same height. From the banks of the Severn on the southwest, and from the hills on the east, more picturesque views are obtained. There are many points from which the thin white spire of St. Andrew's Church makes a pleasing contrast with the ruddy masses of the great cathedral.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1203.]

A CONFIDENTIAL AGENT.

By JAMES PAYN,

Author of "At Her Mercy," "Bred in the Bone," "Beggar on Horseback," "Walter's Word," "Under One Roof," "High Spirits," etc.

CHAPTER XIV.—(*Continued.*)

AT THE "RISING SUN."

There was silence for a moment or two, during which Mr. Rutherford gave himself up to reflection. "And when he comes out," he resumed, grimly—"when Mr. Helston comes out, do you think my story about his having gone into the house of his own free-will will shape with his?"

"He never will come out—that is," added Mr. Dartmoor, perceiving the other to draw his legs in rather quickly, "not to harm you. He will never be let out till he promises that; and, as I've heard you say, he's a man of his word."

"Yes, Dick," observed Mr. Rutherford, speaking with great gravity, "he's all that, and much more besides. He's an open-handed, good-hearted gentleman, as I have known for years, and known nothing but good of him. He has always a kind word for a poor man, and he comes from the same place as I comes from, down in the Midlands."

"That's very inter*esting*," answered Dick, endeavoring to show his appreciation of this touch of local pathos; "and, mind you, all that will help you to make him less suspicious of you, and inclined to believe your tale. Perhaps you could contrive to appear a little drunk that night, which would account for your mistaking things."

"Mistaking the Captin and Co. for his friends, you mean, and his being dragged into their house for a genteel invitation?"

"Just so, and also for your forgetting the number," suggested Dick.

"Poor Master Matthew!" said Mr. Rutherford, soliloquizing; "it don't seem a very nice return for his kindness to me, does it? It was his wife's father, Dick—though he *was* a parson and a beak—as got me out of my poaching trouble down yonder, mostly, I think, for Miss Isabel's sake as was."

"Oh, cuss his wife's father!" cried Mr. Dartmoor, with sudden exasperation at the introduction of so extraneous a matter. "Who ever heard a human cretur' not in liquor go on in this way? We ain't a-going to lock his wife's father up in Grain Place, nor yet his wife."

"No, that's wheer it is, Dick," answered the other, quietly. "If his wife—that's Miss Isabel as was—was to be with him, it would not be so bad for either of 'em. For they two are one, they are, just as the parson puts it, and no blooming lie. It would break her heart, it would, I do believe. For she's a tender plant, and she's just had a baby boy, which don't go far to strengthen her. Ever since that child come, Master Matthew he's another man: more bright and cheery like, and yet more loath than ever to leave his home o' nights. What! she to be all alone there, with her child, a-waiting for him—through all the winter night—and not to see him after all! No, Dick, I couldn't do it."

"Well, I *am* darned! Of all the milk-and-water chaps that ever kep' a keb you are *the* wishiest-washiest! Just because a woman in the course of nature, and *being* married, happens to have a baby boy, you—"

"No, Dick, no," interrupted Mr. Rutherford, apologetically, "it is not *that.* For my part, I don't hold with babies in a general way; but Mrs. Helston, when my wife was down with fever, and all the Mews fought shy of her, thinking it was scarlet—which it only was to look at, not to ketch—she used to come every day (because of old times, she said, when *her* mother was tended by Sally's down at Tarlton), and never without something good to eat or drink for my poor missus; and— No, Dick, I *ain't* such a blackguard as you—though she tells me I soon shall be—and I can't oblige you in this little matter; I can't indeed." And with that "honest John" rose from his chair, and put his hand out for his sou'-wester.

"Rutherford," cried Dick, rising too, and laying his hand upon the other's wrist, "don't throw a chance like this away, which will never happen to you twice. You are acting under a mistake, I see: you thinks there will be murder done."

"Thinks!" answered John, contemptuously; "I *knows* there will. Master Matthew will never give up them diamonds for the asking—save with his life."

"Mr. Rutherford," cried Dick, standing with his back against the door, "I have deceived you. It was only natural I should try to get the work done cheap—such a little work it seemed, too, and such great pay. But the capting said two hundred pounds—not one. One hundred pounds for stopping your keb, and another for driving on agen."

"Oh, he did, did he?" returned the other, coolly, as he folded a woollen comforter about his neck, for the weather without was wet and cold. "Well, that of course would have made a difference, had my mind not been made up from the first to have nothing to do with it. I don't blame *you*, mind, but only the captin. There are some folks as is born foolish, while others fuddle themselves arterward with constant nips."

To this injurious and, to say truth, somewhat ungrateful speech, this host for a few moments replied nothing, but simply stared at his departing guest in a sort of imbecile despair; then a gleam of intelligence lit up his sodden face. "John Rutherford," he said, shaking his forefinger at the other, or rather pointing it, for it shook of itself, "I know why you won't join us. You're a deep un, you are, and all the deeper because you talks so smooth and looks so shallow."

"Well, what is it?" said John, smiling, either in acknowledgment of this compliment or at some inward thought which tickled him.

"Well, *this* is it: you are arter them diamonds yourself, my man."

"I have been arter 'em a good while, Dick, in the sense of sitting behind 'em on my 'ansum."

"I don't mean *that:* you mean to have 'em independent of us. If you'll take a friend's advice, you'll drop that game, John Rutherford: it's a dangerous one."

"Still, nothing ventur, nothing have, Mr. Dartmoor," replied the other, coolly.

"And yet when *we* ask you just to stop your keb and then drive on again, you talk of the risks! Let me tell you that those risks is nothing—*nothing*—to the sartin death you'll run upon if you cross the capting in this matter, for he's set his heart on it."

"I'm very much skeered of him, Dick—very," returned Mr. Rutherford, cheerfully. "I tremble when I thinks about him—which perhaps you'll kindly say to him, with my humble duty. But I knows a better trick than to run my head against a prison wall for his sake for two hundred pounds. As for my own intentions in this here matter, I do confess I've thought about them diamonds a good deal. I've thought they'd become my missus (for one thing) most uncommon; only it would excite suspicion in the Mews if she were to wear 'em in the verander; and what would be the good of them to her if she couldn't? I've thought as they'd sell for a pretty penny, on which I could myself retire from business, and keep a man to drive me out in my own keb. I've thought on 'em in all sorts o' shapes and ways; but what I never *have* thought of, Dick Dartmoor, is of getting them diamonds, at the risk of life and limb and liberty, for Captin Langton; or, to put it plainer, of pulling the chestnuts out of the fire for a dratted monkey."

"And the fi'-pun note, and the supper as you have been a-tucking into?" suggested Mr. Dartmoor, with honest indignation.

"The supper, Dick, you led me to understand was friendship's offering. I am sorry you did not tell me as it was at the captin's expense, because it would have spared me—especially over them beautiful whelks—the sense of a pussonal obligation. As to the fiver, I once heard my missus read out of a book about somethin' being the pledge o' secrecy; and it's been paid me to hold my tongue. If it's any satisfaction to the captin, you may tell him that it 'll come in most uncommon useful."

With that, and a pleasant nod and a smile, which spoke of fullness and content, Mr. John Rutherford took his leave of his would-be benefactor. But once in the street, a change came over his homely features. "I know'd it would come to this," he murmured, "sooner or later, as I told Master Matthew himself—it stands to reason as them diamonds must be collared. 'Then why,' says he, 'has it not been done already?' 'Well,' says I, 'what's everybody's business, you know, is nobody's business.' And then, though I don't know why, he began to laugh. It's no laughing matter now; that dratted monkey, as I called him (though he's a sight worse than that), means business, if ever it was meant. Well, I mean business too, and the captin's fiver comes handy for starting it." He walked on, talking to himself at intervals, but always with great gravity. "They says as they're worth twenty-five thousand pounds. I wonder how much they'd run to at the pop-shop? No need arter that to drive a keb, nor even to be a captin. It's a sight of money, anyway."

CHAPTER XV.

A SOUL'S REBELLION.

HOWEVER reticent Mr. Rutherford had shown himself to Mr. Dartmoor with respect to Master Matthew's affairs, the information he *had* supplied to him was correct enough: there had been a little addition to the household in Cavendish Grove, which for the time, it was true enough, had made "another man" of Matthew. This change for the better had not, however, been due to the actual arrival of the baby boy, whatever bliss that might have conferred upon its mother. As a rule, unless there is some landed property depending on their advent, which would otherwise pass into hands but "little more than kin and less than kind," babies do not fill the heart of man with rapture. They have to develop a little in the way of gristle, if not bone, and become a little less subject to indigestion's airy wing, before the male parent takes to them. Matthew's satisfaction arose mainly from the safety of his wife, about which he had long been devoured with anxiety: she was so very slight and delicate, and looked so like a child herself, that the troubles of maternity might well have been looked forward to with apprehension. She had got over them, not only bravely (which was to have been expected), but, as the monthly nurse observed (who was a person of experience), in a highly creditable manner.

At first Matthew had grievously grudged the hours he had to pass away from her at the office, but as he always found her glad and smiling on his return, and getting quite strong and well, as she assured him, his apprehensions gradually vanished. As to the baby, it was not only the idol of its mother, but worshipped by Aunt Amy, and had received marks of allegiance from Uncle Stephen himself. In its scarlet and mottled stage it had not escaped that gentleman's sarcasm (who had even ventured to compare its somewhat pappy and perilous consistency to that of a poached egg), but as days went on it chanced to "take notice" for the first time by encircling Uncle Stephen's little finger with its tiny fist, whereby it established its supremacy.

How strange it is that almost all of us, however humble our social position, ascend at the beginning of life a throne which is likewise an altar, and rule at least one fellow-creature with undisputed sway! How few of us, however fortunate, can ever win our own way into the hearts of others as it is thus won for us by the kindly force of Nature! Alas! how soon she tires of us, or even grows *un*kindly, and makes that very love she caused to be showered upon us in our youth a source of bitterness through sad comparison!

We have said that for a time Matthew Helston's habitual melancholy was dissipated by this ray of sunshine, but it was only for a time. It is the misfortune of some folks that they can not look on the bright side of things, nor even take those "short views" which the philosopher has so judiciously recommended. As the days went on, and his late source of anxiety was removed, or grew remote, another took its place. This was no less than the probability of the severance of his connection with Mr. Signet, which, if it really happened, would throw him on the wide world again with an added responsibility on his shoulders in the person of the little new-comer, and with not even the hopes which had once been entertained in Madge to buoy him up. He kept, of course, this fear from Sabey and the rest, but it began to haunt him, and not, it must be allowed, without reason.

Ever since that piece of information respecting Mr. Frank Barlow had been given by him to Mr. Signet that gentleman's manner toward him had changed for the worse. He never, it is true, alluded to the cause, but Matthew knew the cause as well as though he had set it forth in writing. Nothing at the establishment in Poulet Street was now done as it should be done by his "confidential agent," whose refusal, moreover, to act as such, except for the remaining few weeks of the year, was openly and repeatedly referred to.

Circumstances might arise, his employer once frankly told him, in case of Matthew's persistent refusal to perform that Moor Street errand, that would compel him to make a change in his establishment as at present constituted—the meaning of which periphrasis was, of course, plain enough to Matthew, and shadowed forth his dismissal. It may naturally be said that, being in such straits, it would have been but common prudence on Matthew's part to withdraw his objections, and offer to continue his attendance on Lady Pargiter. But, in the first place, though Sabey had taken no harm in other respects from her recent trouble, she had become exceedingly nervous, and had expressed her satisfaction that with the end of the year these untimely excursions of her husband were to cease. "I am never quite happy in my mind," she said, "when you are away from me now, love; and in these winter nights especially I am always picturing something terrible as having happened to you. If I drop off to sleep, I have dreadful dreams of you; and if I lie awake, I lie in fear."

She had never been affected in that way before; and though doubtless she had disliked his absence on those very expeditions much more than she pretended to do, she had accepted the necessity of it with cheerfulness, as she did all other trials. But now that she had been promised a relief from this trouble, it would be a disappointment indeed for her to have to face it anew. Moreover, Matthew had reason to suspect that, even should he waive his objections to perform the service in question, some other cause of disagreement with him would be soon discovered by Mr. Signet, in which case he would have humiliated himself, and, what was worse, made his wife wretched, with nothing gained.

It was not without reason, looked at from his own stand-point, that Mr. Signet had become what the vulgar term "nasty" in these latter days. Twice since that entertainment at Cedar Villa, which had begun so hopefully for him, passed so delightfully, but ended so disastrously, had he made a call in Cavendish Grove, and on each occasion had Miss Thurlow been denied to him. He knew she was at home now, in attendance on her sister; but it seemed, or so he was informed, that Mrs. Helston was too indisposed to dispense with her presence up stairs. He had received the kind regards of the ladies from the gracious lips of Uncle Stephen, but that had by no means contented him. He resented such behavior extremely, and, as we have seen, had begun to take it out of his subordinate in consequence; not, however, from any personal ill-will to him, but with a vague intention (as he did not hesitate to express it to himself) of putting the screw on. His nature, by this time at least, was not a generous one, and he had an idea that by making things uncomfortable for Matthew he might by pressure win him over to his own views with respect to his sister-in-law. He quite believed that she was engaged to this Mr. Barlow; but a young lady's engagement was in his eyes by no means irrefragable, but rather of a conditional nature, dependent on whether anything better should turn up or not. And he was quite sure in this case that such a contingency had happened. He even persuaded himself that a wrong had been done to this beautiful and accomplished young creature, who, ignorant of the world and of her own merits, had been permitted too hastily to accept the attentions of an attorney in a small way of business, when, had she been given time, so much more splendid a future would have awaited her—and in fact still did so, if he could only get the opportunity of informing her of the fact, which was at present so persistently denied him.

Matthew Helston's character has indeed been ill portrayed if it is imagined that any amount of "squeezing" could mould it into the direction desired by Mr. Signet; but unhappily the squeezing did nevertheless affect it. It re-awakened all the old bitterness of thought which, since those days of no employment and groundless trust in Madge, had been in abeyance, and which of late the tender associations of home had lulled to rest. How monstrous and abominable did it seem that he and his dear ones should lose their means of livelihood through this man's caprice, or because he was disappointed in an audacious expectation! How unjust it was that his skill and diligence should be denied employment—for his gloomy mind, like the shadow of the event itself, pictured the blow as in act to fall—while Dullness was clothed in plenty, and Idleness revelled in excess!

Ignorant of the sting that drove him, it was with amazement that Mr. Durham heard his nephew utter sentiments, with respect to the rights (or wrongs) of property, over their nightly pipes, which shocked philosophy itself, and were altogether out of harmony with tobacco. At the time, indeed, he thought nothing serious of them, but set them down as little jets of radical spleen, rising from a natural and, indeed, a hereditary source, the springs of which chanced to be at somewhat higher pressure than usual; but it was fated that the time should come when their expression had a deeper significance for him. . One occasion, when Matthew, descending from the abstract to the concrete, inveighed against Lady Pargiter and her diamonds, was destined to recur with especial force. "Why, my dear Matt," Uncle Stephen had lightly answered, "if Mr. Signet only heard you talk, so far from wishing you to continue the custodian of this treasure, he would be afraid of your dropping it into the river at high water to spite her ladyship."

"Nay, that would be to flout Fortune herself," answered Matthew, grimly. "If I took the diamonds, it would certainly not be to enrich Father Thames with them. Good heavens!" he continued, rising from his seat, and pacing the little room excitedly, "how strange it seems that half a dozen of these sparkling stones, which are now useless, or the cause of quarrel, or only serve to make more hideous the woman that wears them, would in worthier hands be competence and comfort; might realize the dreams of science, or—"

"Or furnish the dreamer," put in Uncle Stephen, slyly, "with wholesome though compulsory employment for ten years at least, and with the lease of a cell in Portland, exquisitely clean, and with hot air upon the most improved system."

"That is indeed another view of the question, and of course the more practical one," admitted Matthew; and no more was said upon the subject; but Mr. Durham noticed that his nephew was more silent even than usual that evening, and looked like one consumed with some monopolizing thought or gnawing care.

In Sabey's presence, however, and in Amy's, Matthew's brow was always clear; and indeed it was very seldom that he "showed his seamy side," as he himself was wont to term his dissatisfaction with the world and its arrangements, even to his uncle.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WATER-FLEAS.

THE minute living specks which the eye can just detect in fresh-water ponds and pools, actively swimming about amidst the other and smaller denizens of these miniature worlds, are familiar enough to all under the name of "water-fleas." Their appearance is not unknown even to the observer whose zoology is of the most popular description. Their exact nature may, it is true, be a matter of strictly scientific concern. They have been credited now and then with possessing, for the human race, somewhat of an interest in the shape of the possible contingencies which await the subject who unwittingly swallows these organisms and plays the part of host to them. But science assures us, first, of their thoroughly harmless nature; secondly, it informs us that the water-fleas, in event of their being ingested by us, have cause to fear us, not we to fear them; whilst thirdly, we are told that their presence in water is no criterion of the unsuitability of that fluid for human use, these organisms making their appearance in the purest waters as well as in the perhaps more congenial atmosphere of the stagnant pool.

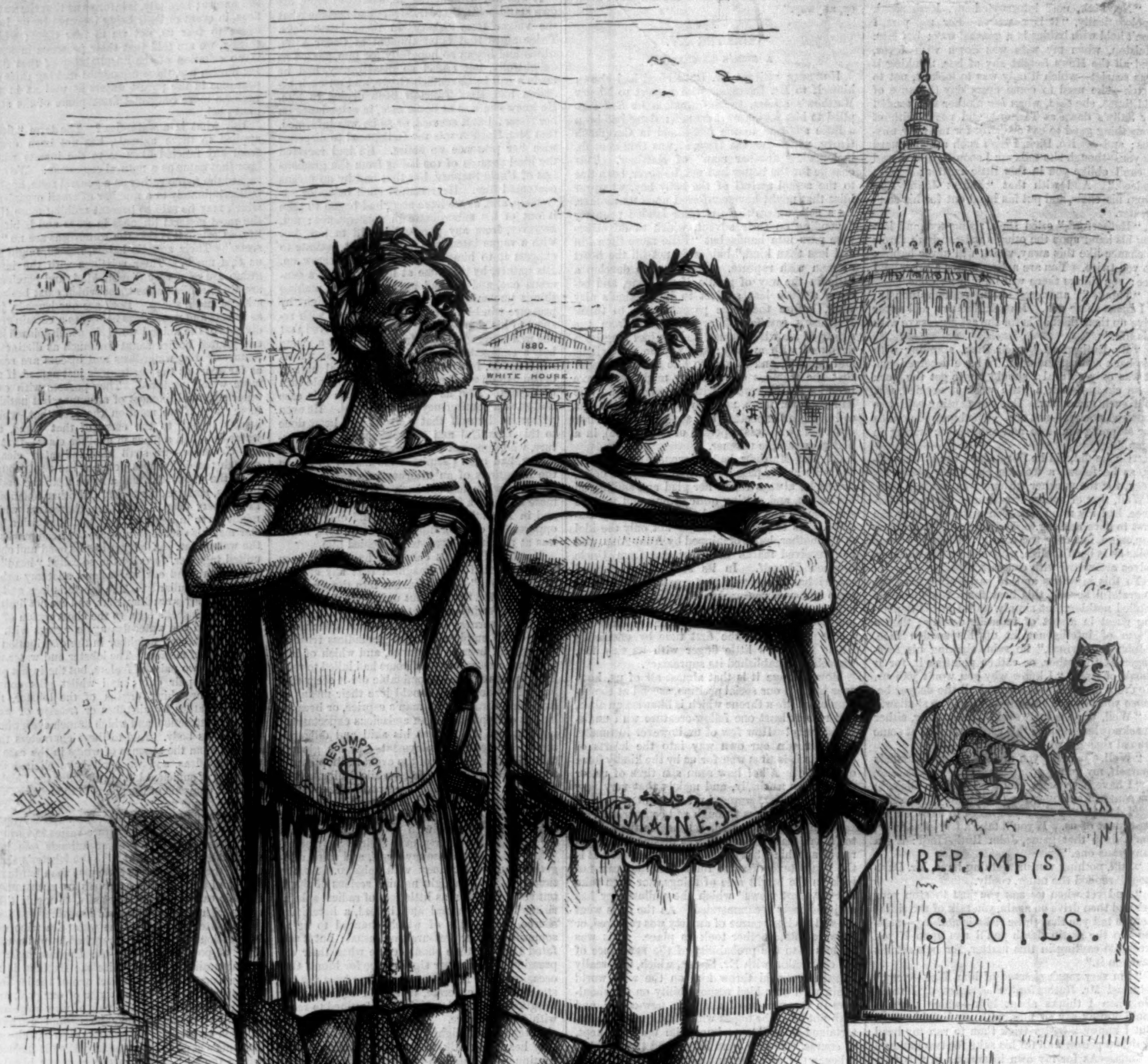
But what is a water-flea? The term "flea," applied to these animals, has not been drawn from any fancied likeness to the insects which bear that name as a natural cognomen. We may regard the name rather as a general term, applied indiscriminately to a number of small organisms, which may be said to present nothing more than the most general likeness in ways and habits of life. Certain it is that the water-fleas are no "insects." Their aquatic habits, indeed, might tell us this much. Their relations with the insect group are of a very distant kind, and perchance are about as distant as those which exist between a horse and a sheep. Both are quadrupeds, just as insects and water-fleas belong to a certain great division of the animal world, in which jointed legs and jointed bodies count for much as distinctive features. But water-fleas and insects are really as far apart as the quadrupeds just named, if not more widely removed. They possess with each other a general likeness of structure, but nothing more; and if we mention the fact that, whilst insects belong to the class of that name, the water-fleas find a place in another class—that of the *Crustacea*—we shall have indicated clearly enough the differences between the two groups. Thus the water-fleas find a home near the crabs, lobsters, shrimps, barnacles, and other tenants of the "vasty deep." And the characters which might serve in a general way to distinguish a lobster may also serve to indicate the head marks of the water-fleas. A lobster has its head and chest united together, forming the so-called "head" of the animal, and our water-flea's anatomy exhibits a like peculiarity. The lobster's legs and allied appendages are numerous, and are not limited, as are the insect's legs, to the chest region of its frame; and the water-flea again agrees with its larger crustacean neighbor in the distribution of its organs of motion. The lobster and water-flea have each two pairs of feelers, but the insect possesses one pair only; and whilst gills constitute the breathing organs of the lobster, the insect breathes by air-tubes or *tracheæ* of wonderful construction, and which branch everywhere through its body. Add to these characters that derived from the absence of wings in the case of the water-fleas, and we shall have elicited distinctions of sufficient kind in showing the kinship of these denizens of the ponds to the lobsters and shrimps of the sea.

Like the latter forms, also, the water-fleas possess a "shell." This structure varies in form in the different kinds of these animals one may pass under review. But, like the lobster's shell, that of the water-fleas is little else than hardened skin, and these minute creatures are accustomed, in their earlier stages especially, to moult their shells with their increase and growth.

No better example of the water-flea tribe can be mentioned than the "branched-horned water-flea" of popular zoology—the *Daphnia pulex* of the naturalist. To recognize the Daphnia is no difficult matter. If we select one of the locomotive specks we find in the water of our pool, and discern that it possesses a pair of very large and branched feelers, we may be certain we have lit upon the species in question. What else of Daphnia's body you may see in outline is inclosed within the shell, which in this case is a bi-valve structure, that is, it resembles the shell of the oyster in that it consists of two valves, or pieces. From between these pieces the Daphnia protrudes its head in front, and thence also it pushes out its great feelers, with which it cleaves its way through the water; for the branched feelers are the swimming organs, the feet being inconspicuous, and numbering several pairs. In front of the head we see a single eye, which, however, despite its apparent unity, is in reality a compound organ of vision; and in this singleness of sight we shall find that the branched-horned species resembles a near neighbor, *Cyclops* to wit, which derives its cognomen from its resemblance in respect of its eye to the famous giants of mythological lore.

Daphnia's breathing organs consist of gills. These organs we should find to be attached to the bases of the legs. Along with the gills we find associated a distinct heart, which in Daphnia, as in man, serves to propel the nutritive blood through the body; and a digestive apparatus—to the entrance of which a series of stout jaws serves as guardian—is also to be mentioned as amongst the furnishings of the small body.

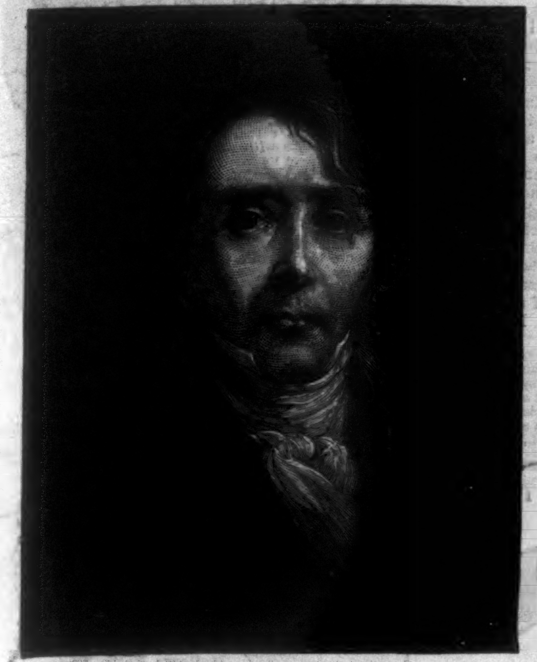
The history of water-fleas, however, would be incomplete did we not mention several of their more remarkable neighbors. Near relations of Cypris and its neighbors live in the sea as well as in the fresh-water pools and ponds. One species, indeed, *Cetoclinus* by name, is so abundant in some oceans that it tinges the water of a red hue, and thus imitates in the ocean the way of the red snow-plant on land. This species likewise forms one of the chief articles of diet of the Greenland and other whales. Daphnia, of the branched horns, also possesses certain relations of famous kind. Chief among these latter are the "fairy shrimps," which live in ponds, and possess bodies so transparent that the eye well-nigh fails to detect these elegant forms as they swim swiftly through the water. Resembling these fairy shrimps are the "brine shrimps," whose choice of a habitat is amongst the most extraordinary. These slender forms are found in the brine pans of salt-works, and occur amidst a briny solution of strength more than sufficient to pickle beef.


1880.
WHITE HOUSE.
RESUMPTION
$
MAINE.
REP. IMP(S)
SPOILS.
Th. Nast.

"THE DIE IS CAST"—CÆSAR AND POMPEY IN OHIO.

Sherman. "If the Republicans of Ohio do not fairly and fully in their Convention express a preference for me, and support me with substantial unanimity in the National Convention, my name will not be presented to that Convention with my consent."

Blaine. "Well, what of it?"



WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

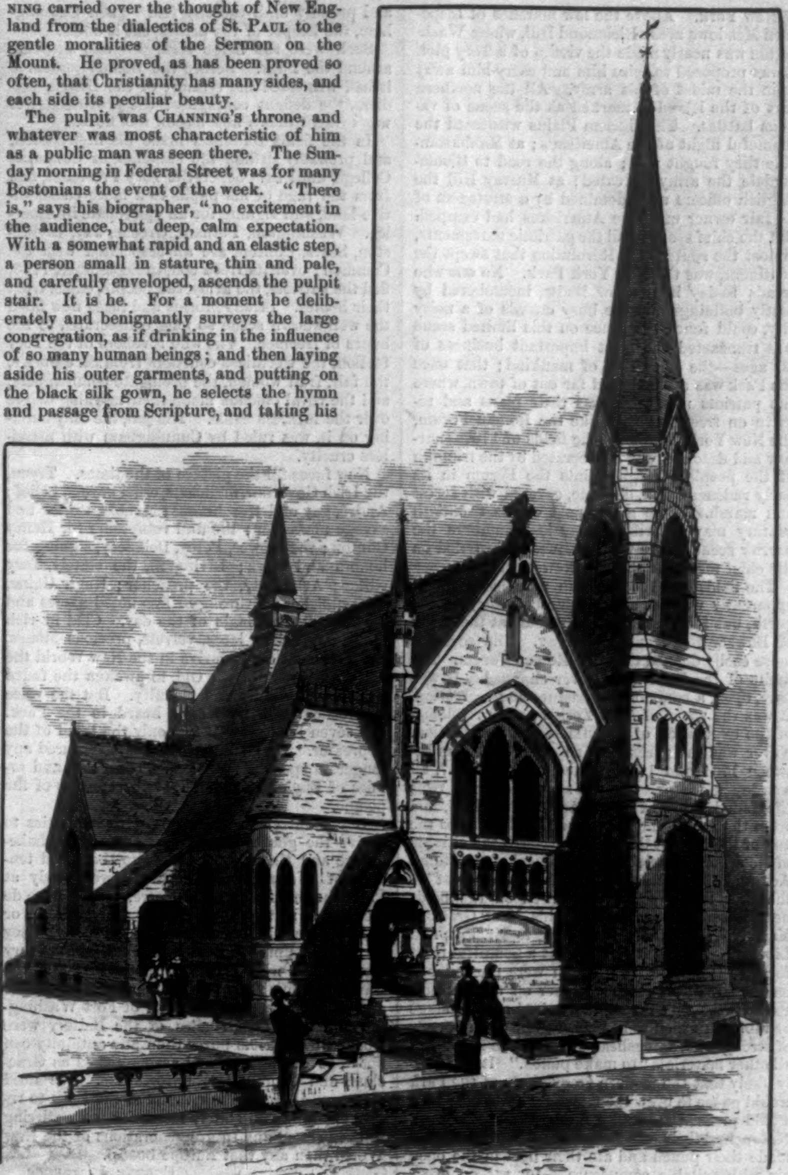
No American name is better known either in the Old World or the New than that of **William Ellery Channing**, the centenary of whose birth was appropriately celebrated in Newport on the 7th of the present month. Without having originated a school of thought, he has nevertheless been recognized as a leader in the realm of thought. His writings have been translated into the languages of Europe, and his character studied with a loving interest. His sermons have the same charm for the present generation as for that which he personally addressed. He is read to-day by the orthodox Christian almost as much as by the liberal. His personality so transfuses his opinions that it is impossible to separate the one from the other, and this feature perhaps it is which gives an unfailing freshness to his works. **Channing** so put himself into all he wrote that his earnest moral feeling pulsates in every sentence. His gentle yet lofty idealism was a phenomenon in strong contrast with the hard practicalness of American life. The story of the spirit in which he worked can be very properly rehearsed upon the occasion which has recalled his memory to our minds.

William Ellery Channing was born in Newport, Rhode Island, on the 7th of April, 1780. His maternal grandfather was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence; his father was a lawyer of ability. His early years were spent in the midst of the beautiful scenery of his birth-place, to which he was all his life strongly attached. Both as a boy and as a man he delighted in the sea, and the beach of Newport was the study where he meditated upon the high problems of theology and the social destiny of man. Delicate in later life, and attenuated in form, he was as a boy noted for healthful vigor and his love of boyish sports. Even then, however, the seriousness of his disposition was manifest. **Allston**, the painter, who was one of his companions, says of him, "Though he was several months my junior, I have always looked up to him, even in boyhood, with respect." Among his playmates he was known as the little minister. He was at this period of his life "small and delicate, yet muscular and active, with a very erect person, quick movement, a countenance that while sedate was cheerful, and a singularly sweet smile, which he never lost through life."

Channing's home was near the parsonage of Dr. **Hopkins**, so noted at once for the rigor of his Calvinism and the purity of his life. The boy could look over from his father's house and see the good old doctor working in his study on his Sunday sermon. He learned from **Hopkins** the lesson of uncompromising moral integrity, for the doctor was one of the earliest antagonists of slavery. In 1794 **Channing** entered Harvard College, and had among his classmates **Joseph Story**. Though proficient in the severer studies, he was especially noted in college for "his command of pure English" and the grace of his writing. His favorite study was, however, moral philosophy. **Hutchison**'s *System* and **Ferguson**'s *History of Civil Society* had much to do with the formation of his character. They created in his mind a lofty ideal of virtue, a sense of its beauty, and an enthusiasm for the realization of his ideal in actual life. "He was already," says one of his biographers, "a moral and social reformer." He was attracted also to the ancient Stoics; all through life **Channing** held the Stoic opinion of the attainable dignity of human nature, without any concession to Stoic hardness.

After his graduation **Channing** spent a year and a half as a private tutor in the family of Mr. **Randolph**, of Richmond, Virginia. In this brief period he ruined his constitution by hard study, often protracted through the night, and a severe and mistaken regimen. He would on occasion sleep on a bare floor, and spring up at any hour for a walk in the cold. He returned home to Newport an invalid, and never after had robust health. In 1803 he was settled over the Federal Street Congregation, of Boston. **George Ticknor**, who was present, as a boy, at the ordination, describes him as being then "a pale, spiritual-looking young man, with a trembling voice and devout air." The preaching of the young minister quickly filled the church with hearers. It had the charm of sincerity, of gentle humanity, of delicacy of moral feeling. Not at this time separated from the orthodox faith, he held that faith in a negative way. Upon the breaking out of the controversy which separated the Congregationalists of New England into two parties, he was quickly recognized as the leader of the liberals. There is no need here to enter into the merits of this debate, which belongs more especially to theologians. **Channing**'s mind inclined to those views which exhibit the practical benevolence of Christianity rather than to speculative dogma. His gentle nature recoiled from controversy, and he speaks of "controversial bullying" as an object of his intense dislike. A calmer region suited better his refined taste; and in this he moved as a messenger of good-will to men. His discourse on peace, delivered in 1816, gave a great impulse to peace principles in our country, and led to the formation of many Peace societies in New England. The lifting up of burdened men, and the awakening in their minds of the sense of the innate worth of their moral nature, were themes which he placed in the front of his teaching. His discourse on "Self-Culture" was immediately after its publication read throughout the country by people of all creeds. **Channing** carried over the thought of New England from the dialectics of St. **Paul** to the gentle moralities of the Sermon on the Mount. He proved, as has been proved so often, that Christianity has many sides, and each side its peculiar beauty.

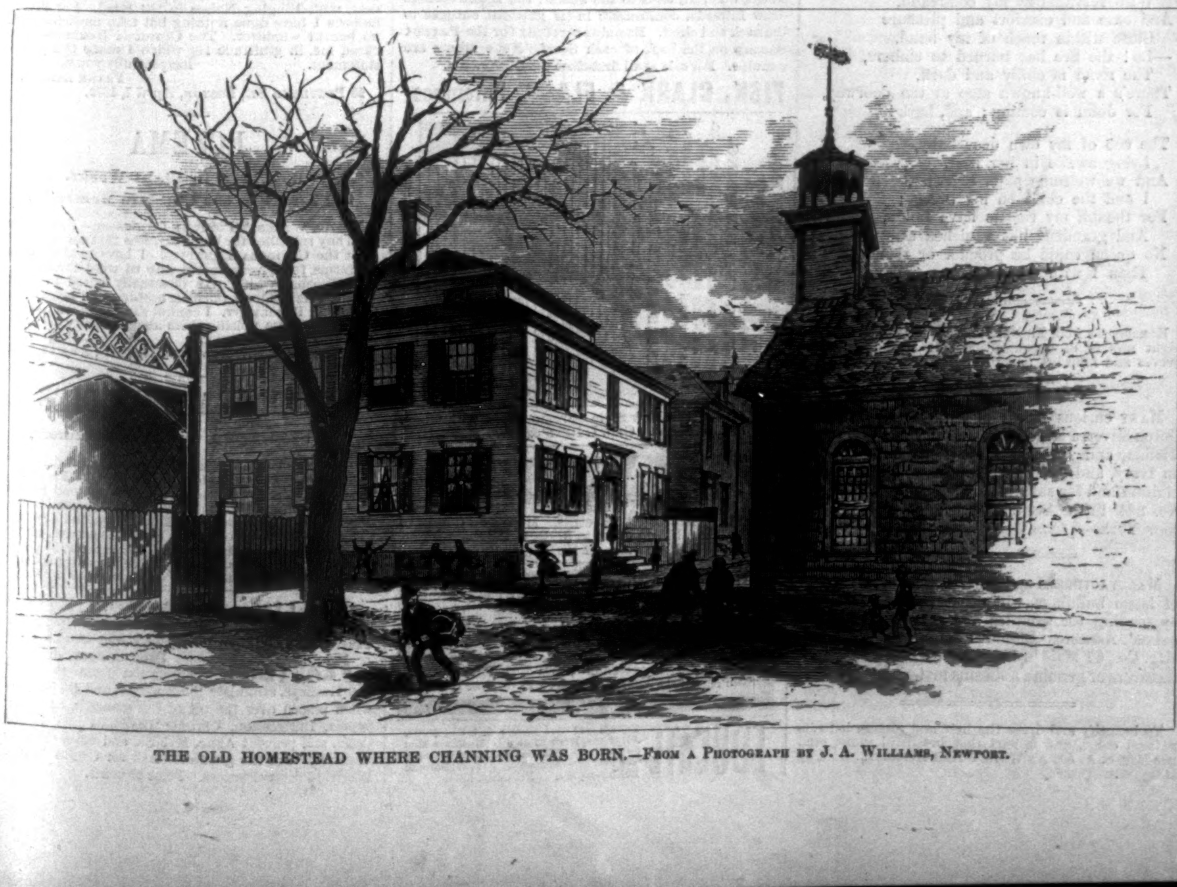
The pulpit was **Channing**'s throne, and whatever was most characteristic of him as a public man was seen there. The Sunday morning in Federal Street was for many Bostonians the event of the week. "There is," says his biographer, "no excitement in the audience, but deep, calm expectation. With a somewhat rapid and an elastic step, a person small in stature, thin and pale, and carefully enveloped, ascends the pulpit stair. It is he. For a moment he deliberately and benignantly surveys the large congregation, as if drinking in the influence of so many human beings; and then laying aside his outer garments, and putting on the black silk gown, he selects the hymn and passage from Scripture, and taking his seat, waits in quiet contemplation the time for commencing the service. What impresses us most in his appearance is its exceeding delicacy, refinement, and spiritualized beauty. In the hollow eye, the sunken cheeks, and the deep lines around the mouth, the chronic debility of many years has left an ineffaceable impress." In the sermon "there are no expletives, no fulminations, no fanatical outpourings. But the small figure dilates; the luminous gray eye now flashes with indignation, now softens with pity, and the outstretched arm and clinched hand are lifted in sign of protest and warning as the wrongs which man inflicts on man are presented with brief but glowing outlines."



THE CHANNING MEMORIAL CHURCH AT NEWPORT, R. I.—FROM THE ARCHITECT'S DRAWINGS.

Though for two years in failing health, **Channing** worked on till his death in 1841. His last days were serene, and his whole aspect became more saintly. On the evening of the day of his death he said: "You need not be anxious concerning me to-night. It will be very peaceful and quiet with me." Says one of his enthusiastic friends, "He and the sun went away together." **Channing** is one of the men whose influence overpasses the boundaries of creed. A lover of men, his memory is cherished by men of every shade of faith. Not all would accept his definitions of dogma, but his life was one of the clearest definitions of goodness this country has known. It is a cheering sign that now, a hundred years from the date of his birth, the memory of his virtues is still affectionately cherished.

George R. Crooks.



THE OLD HOMESTEAD WHERE CHANNING WAS BORN.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. A. WILLIAMS, NEWPORT.

NEW YORK'S PATRIOTS.—THE PARK.

No city abounds more in striking historical associations than New York. It was in one sense the central point around which the whole Revolutionary struggle circulated. Over other cities the terrors of the war passed like a swift and desolating storm. Philadelphia was for a short time in the hands of the enemy; Boston was quickly released from its fetters; the invasions of Virginia and the Carolinas brought with them a short but painful contest. But over the island of New York for more than eight years the vicissitudes of the fearful struggle left their irrevocable marks. Here had met the first Convention, the forerunner of the Congress of 1775 that defeated the Stamp Act. Here began the war that was never to end, between the Sons of Liberty and the foreign soldiery. Every street and every open space was marked by some fierce and often bloody fight. Next came the total subjection of the Tories, the rigid rule of the Council of One Hundred, the news of the victory at Boston, the approach of Howe, the march of Washington, the defense of New York. Almost every part of the narrow island shows some trace of the period of patriotic rule, when the followers of Sears, McDougal, Hamilton, Jay, kept up the impulse of freedom by daring words and still more daring acts, or when, with stern resolution, they fortified each eminence, barricaded each street, and prepared to defend themselves against the fleets and armies of England.

From the heights of Fort Washington to the docks at Whitehall the associations of the early labors and perils of the patriots seem to hallow almost every street and square. Just off the Battery lay the *Asia*, the formidable seventy-four, whose broadside of a still August night was poured into the slumbering city. Along the East River and at Burling Slip happened some of the fiercest frays between the citizens and the soldiers. Along Grand Street ran a line of fortifications that were vainly designed to protect the people of New York. Above the low marshes of Lispenard Meadows arose Richmond Hill, where Washington was nearly made the victim of a Tory plot. It was proposed to seize him and carry him away from the midst of his army. All the northern part of the island is marked as the scene of various battles. The Harlem Plains witnessed the shameful flight of the Americans; at Manhattanville they fought well; along the road to Bloomingdale the army retreated; at Murray Hill the English officers were detained by a stratagem of its fair owner until the Americans had escaped. But the chief scene of all the patriotic movements, almost the source of a Revolution that swept the continent, was the New York Park. No one who treads to-day its narrow limits, incumbered by costly buildings and the busy crowds of a noisy city, could fancy that once on this limited scene was transacted the most important business of all ages—the liberation of mankind; that once the Park was a lonely field far out of town, where the patriots met to discuss their plans and resolve on freedom; that, like the Roman Forum, the New York Common—the fields of 1767—narrow and desolate, was consecrated by the triumph of the people. Virgil paints the Forum in its early rudeness, wild, desolate, covered with forest and marsh. Some gifted poet of the twentieth century may describe in musical numbers the narrow scene where were planned and carried on the chief measures that set New York free.

The fields in 1767 were an uninclosed space, apparently without any regular boundary on the north, but forming, as now, a point at the union of Bowery Road and Broadway. The scene is more easily defined than the Roman Forum. The limits of the Park have never changed. It was bare, open, a common for pasture and recreation. It was the scene of New York's public rejoicing, of the expression of its anxiety or its resolution. Never was the green field so often in use as between 1764 and 1775. Once, in June, 1767, all was joy and hope. On the spot where now rises the faded front of the graceful City Hall, and from the site of the discolored Court-house to the end of the area at the south, gathered the citizens of New York to celebrate the repeal of the Stamp Act and the triumph of freedom. A "mast"—the first liberty-pole—was raised on the fields near Broadway, dedicated to his Most Gracious Majesty King George the Third, to Mr. Pitt, and Liberty. Around it was set out a bountiful feast for all the people. Two oxen were roasted, one on the Broadway side, the other on what is now Park Row. Not far off was raised a large stage or table, on which were placed twenty-five barrels of strong beer, a hogshead of rum, with sugar and all other materials "to make punch." It is scarcely likely that the modern frequenters of the Park would pause to brew the tempting beverage: they would prefer the plainer methods. But our ancestors had their own notions of these things, and made their punch and ate their beef in the open air with suitable composure. Joy sat on every countenance. Pitt, it was fancied, had saved the country. The Governor and all his Council were there, the Mayor and all his Aldermen. The Park rang with cheers. A huge pile of tar and fagots was prepared for the evening's illumination. A band played merrily "God Save the King." Along the north side, where now the costly Court-house rears its fraudulent proportions, twenty-five cannon belched forth a loyal salute.

How soon all this grateful loyalty was turned into a bitter hostility to courts and kings history tells with wonder. Only a few months had passed when the patriots discovered their error. The King had resolved to make them slaves. His officials in the city soon showed their disdain for the abject Americans. War broke out between the people and the soldiers. To show their malice the garrison cut down the "mast" in the Park consecrated to liberty; it became the scene of a fierce struggle between the adherents of tyranny and its victims; it was the symbol of the life of freedom. The people met around its ruins to raise another pole; a party of soldiers charged among them with bayonets, cutting and wounding at will, and drove them as far as Beekman Street. Captain Isaac Sears, the leader of the Sons of Liberty, was wounded. Then the people, enraged, raised another pole. On the 18th of March, 1767, they met around the well-known scene—it was where Warren Street now joins Broadway—to celebrate the repeal of the Stamp Act. In the evening the soldiers again cut down the symbol of freedom. The Sons of Liberty raised another so strong and weighty that it seemed to defy the assaults of the foe. It was a tall mast, bound with iron hoops. The soldiers tried to blow it up with gunpowder; the patriots set round it a strong guard. A strong party of the enemy, armed, attacked the Sons of Liberty, and as they came up Broadway fired two muskets into Hampden Hall, the tavern that stood where the Park Bank now stands, the scene of the meetings of the patriotic club.

The war went on with ceaseless violence. The patriots and the British garrison in the fort at the Battery knew no peace; it was the first surge of the approaching revolt. In January, 1770, the soldiers tried once more to cut down the mast of freedom; they were driven off, but in their rage broke into Hampden Hall with swords and bayonets. A few nights afterward they succeeded in destroying the mast; again the people assembled in a great throng around their fallen tree; they were enraged beyond restraint; they passed a resolution that any soldier found without the fort should be looked upon as an enemy; the city was full of discord; the citizens purchased a piece of ground for the site of a new pole, when the Mayor refused them his protection; a mast was forged in the ship-yards of unusual size; it was encircled with bars of iron, and bound with iron hoops of massive thickness; a pit twelve feet deep was dug; the liberty-pole was drawn through the streets by six horses, adorned with flags and ribbons, to its destination, and here it rose safely and proudly until the city fell. Then Cunningham, the keeper of the prison, cut it down.

Such were the fierce struggles and conflicts around the Park. Before the Boston massacre it had witnessed the tyranny of the British soldiers, the defiant courage of the provincials; it was evident that a new nation was born.

In the fields Hamilton made his first speech, and probably drilled the students of Columbia College, until Dr. Cooper, the Tory President, fled from the rage of his pupils to a more conservative land, still sighing for an episcopate in America. Washington, Putnam, Greene, Jay, Livingston, Sears, Clinton, are all associated with the Common; over its fresh sod, in September, 1776, fled the patriots, the army, the people, exiles from their homes. Strange forms and faces now filled the well-known scene so long consecrated to the hopes of freemen. The wild revellers of the Tory faction, the worthless courtiers from St. James's, the fair, frail women, the profligate commanders, and the royal officials made their morning drives over the luckless fields. The jail, the only building on it, was ruled by Cunningham with merciless cruelty.

New faces fill the picture of the times. Tryon, the Irish Governor, malicious, cruel beyond belief; André, gay and treacherous; Arnold, traitor and savage marauder; the dull voluptuary Sir Henry Clinton; the Howes, Percy, Delancey, sighing for honors and titles; Rivington, the stately Tory editor; Auchmuty, the preacher; Hugh Gaine, the publisher; a throng of less noted names and figures fill the annals of the day. Clad in rich dress, gay colors, laces, velvets, precious stones, the Tories strove to revive in the New World the stately manners of the Old, to awaken the faded dreams of tyranny and chivalry. But the voice of freedom was no longer heard in the Park. For seven long years it felt only the tread of the oppressor. No Hamilton nor Sears ventured any longer to speak of freedom. The fleets and armies of England had silenced the outcries of the people.

Our countrymen wander to European cities to revive the ghosts of the dim past, with Shakespeare and Macaulay summon up the faded tenants of Westminster and the Tower, study at Paris the haunts of Robespierre, of Catherine de Medicis, of stately kings and royal persecutors, or at Rome muse in the Forum of the Gracchi. They forget sometimes that on New York Island every stone teems with historical memories; that the waves murmur their tales of patriotic endurance and courage; that the heights of Fort Washington and the green shades of the Battery were trodden by patriots purer than any antiquity can boast, as courageous and accomplished as Gracchus, and happily less unfortunate. We need only to visit the narrow limits of the Park to revive shadows and stately memories more stirring to the present and future generations of the New World than any that Europe boasts.

Eugene Lawrence.

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

I am fair with the flush of girlhood,
  My heart is as light as air,
My future is brilliant with promise
  Of days which will hold no care.
I am clothèd in silks and satins,
  The belle of the ball-room I,
While envious eyes are watching
  As haughtily I pass by.

I am travelling in far-off countries,
  Idling 'neath Italy's skies,
Enchanted with scenes that delight me
  Where'er I may turn my eyes.
I have suitors—yea, by the dozen—
  Kneeling so low at my feet,
While pride in my heart runs riot,
  And the sense of triumph is sweet.

I am queen in a lordly castle,
  With servants at my command,
And ease and comfort and pleasure
  Close within reach of my hand.
—Lo! the fire has burned to embers,
  The room is chilly and dark,
There's a well-known step at the doorway,
  For John is coming; and, hark!

The coo of my own dear baby,
  Lying awake in her nest.
And we welcome papa together,
  I and the child on my breast;
For though my castles have fallen,
  And grandeur has vanished away,
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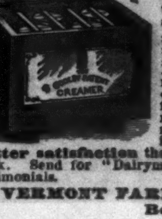

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